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TEMPLE BAR 2468 MAY 19 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2603

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

THE SIRDAR'S SAFE *by Dennis Holman* 11
CLOUDBURST *by Hugh B. Cave* 28
ELEPHANT RIVER *by Norah Burke* 33

Articles

TURMOIL BEYOND MALTA *by Harry Hopkins* 14
VICTOR SILVESTER BEATS OUT A FORTUNE *by David Millwood* 18
SQUARE MEALS COOKED UP FROM FORTY BELOW *by Antony Ferry* 32

Serials

THE SILENT PARTNER (Part 4) *by Winston Graham* 20
ZANZABUKU (Part 3) *by Lewis Cotlow* 25

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6, 8. THE COVER: 6. JEALOUSY: 34, 38, 41, 45, 49, 51. SPOT THE LAWBREAKER: 38. YOUR GARDEN AND MINE: 45. OPEN TO VIEW: 54

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Hugh B. Cave—fascinated by the land of sunshine and sorcery

USING jeeps, horses and his own two feet, Hugh B. Cave has seen more of Haiti than most white men. His wife, Margaret, and their young sons, Kenneth and Donald, probably hold a similar record for women and children. Cave's story "Cloudburst," which begins on page 28, is set in this Caribbean land. He took the family there after the war for a six-month visit, but the island of sugar, sunshine and sorcery fascinated them all, and they have returned regularly.

Born in Chester in 1910, Cave went to America when he was four, and now lives in Rhode Island. In 1930 he decided to sink or swim as a full-time free-lance writer, and with short stories, novels, articles, and radio and television work he has kept his head well above water ever since.

Two of his wartime books were best-sellers, and he dogged the allied armies in the Pacific "doing books, not newspaper work." He was with the Australians when they recaptured Borneo. After the war he turned to adventure tales—and Haiti. From his travels came one of the most complete books on voodoo written in English, but it took him a year to get the feel and measure of the superstitions and customs that colour "Cloudburst."

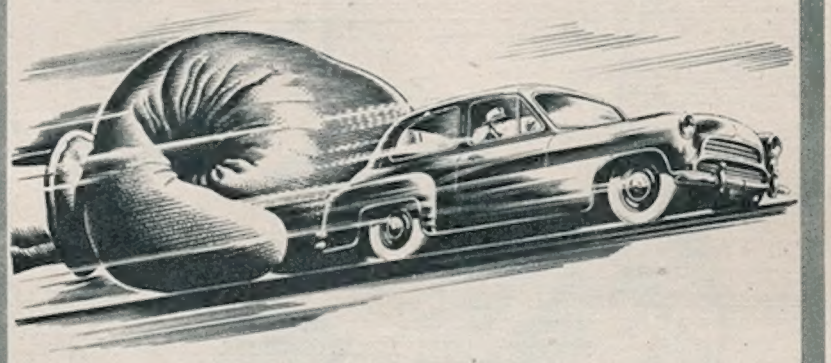
"I was lucky," he says. "I became a friend of one of the most powerful mambos [witches] in Haiti." Through her influence he was able to attend secret voodoo services in remote parts of the island. When he was invited to become a voodoo initiate, however, he decided that a writer should remain neutral.

WHEN Lord George Sanger's circus visited Edwardian London he used to house his elephants in the stables used by a Kensington cab firm. The firm was owned by John Berry's grandfather, and Berry's mother, then a girl, loved to tend the stately animals. Berry says that he inherited her affection for them: his illustration on page 33 for Norah Burke's story, "Elephant River," was a nostalgic labour of love.

A down-to-earth Londoner, Berry started his art training when he was fourteen. When he was in the R.A.F. during the war one of his posters was seen by Air Marshal Tedder, and Berry found himself working as an unofficial war artist with Randolph Churchill in a Middle East army public relations unit. Four of his war paintings now hang in the Imperial War Museum.

His attractive wife, June, looks after their riverside bungalow at Walton-on-Thames, and unobtrusively advises, coaxes and criticizes. "She spent two years at art school," says Berry. "And she's never wrong about my work."

DYNAMIC!



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Free Speech

- **Would a universal tax aid Britain?**
- **When wives had no time for boredom**
- **Success—outside office hours**

We taxpayers are often impressed by the lavish offices we visit to pay our hard-earned share of the government's spending money. But I believe huge economies could be made by collecting the various taxes jointly.

All the revenue-consuming expenditure on offices, equipment and staff could be cut if all forms of taxes, rates, national insurance and duty could be collected by one department. The total we pay in direct and indirect taxes could be lumped into one sum called, say, the national tax. This could be collected as income tax is at present.

If this were done, tea, beer, petrol, cigarettes and all other taxed commodities would revert to their true price, with immense economy and simplification all round. — J. A. Taylor, Cranfield, Bletchley, Buckinghamshire.

"Direct taxes, unlike indirect ones, have the effect of taxing according to ability to pay," says the Treasury. "But indirect taxes do tend to be weighted on those things which are not essential to life."

Proposals to link income tax with national insurance contributions and payments were considered by the Royal Commission on Taxation in 1954, but they were turned down because of insurmountable difficulties.

Considered Judgment

Settling down in the evening, after teaching all day, and having to begin to write reports ("Free Speech," April 28) is no joke.

The teacher is faced with finding adjectives for about fifteen subjects on forty reports, plus another forty for general progress and forty for good conduct.

If anyone can supply a list of about six hundred and eighty new ways of saying "Definitely hopeful" down to "How could anyone be born so stupid?" I am sure we should all be grateful.—Mrs. G. E. Ayres, West Drayton, Middlesex.

Road Check

To ensure roadworthy cars ("Free Speech," March 24), the civil police in Germany have the power to stop and check the condition of any vehicle. If a defect is found, a fine is imposed on the spot and the offender is instructed to have it remedied and give proof to the police.

I think this system would work in Britain. The police could tell the garage exactly what has to be put right. The garage could then certify its completion to the police. This would rule out quick profits for the garages, while ensuring that essential repairs are carried out.—M. A. Bizeray, B.A.O.R. 25.

"On-the-spot fining is contrary to our principle of giving a man a fair trial, and it would place an unfair responsibility on the policeman by putting him in the position of a judge," says a lawyer. "It would also open the door to attempted corruption."

Contented Wives

When I married, forty-five years ago, young wives had none of the labour-saving appliances that there are today. Washing day, for instance, meant getting up early and lighting the fire under the copper; and carpets could be cleaned only by taking them up and beating them on the clothes line. There were no school meals and our children came home to eat. They were taught proper manners at the table. When my husband came home tired from the office, he expected a meal to be ready, and the children in bed, so that he could enjoy his meal in peace, and relax.

Marriage was a partnership then: the husband worked in the office to support his wife and family, and the wife worked at home to keep it and the family clean and comfortable. In those days I never heard a good housewife complain of being bored. But I do today.—Mrs. A. North, Chingford, London, E.4.

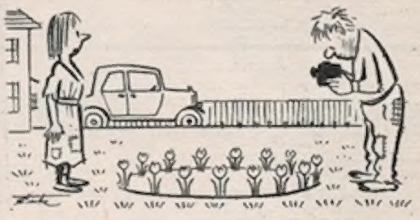
Mis-spent Millions?

Protecting wild as well as domestic animals is a waste of time and money. Every year we give thousands of pounds to various animal welfare organizations; yet we deny many of our old people in homes all over the country the small pleasures which the state cannot provide but which would add so much happiness to their last few years.

To whom do we owe the most—the grand old folk who have brought this country through all the troubles of the past, or the snivelling peke, the howling mongrel and the mewing cat, whose only contributions to society are sleepless nights and fouled pavements?—T. Morris, Tadcaster Road, York.

Lost Art

Before we were married, my husband took great pains with his appearance. Now, after three years of marriage, he spends nearly every penny of his



pocket money on our ancient car and his two hobbies, photography and gardening. Such things as clothes and haircuts are now forgotten.—Mrs. A. C., Glamorgan.

Measure Of Success

One friend of mine is a business man who has progressed to a four-figure income and a position on the board, and another is a clerk. By usual standards, the first would be considered the more successful. But I wonder. He "lives" his job, can talk of nothing else, and has no hobbies. The clerk, on the other hand, is not interested in his own prospects of advancement. Outside the office he is a local councillor, a keen amateur artist and gardener, and a producer for the local amateur drama company. Few would call him "successful"; yet to my mind he is succeeding where the other fails—in leading a full life and enjoying it.—S. M., Lancashire.

Under Cover

An interesting point that emerges from A. J. P. Taylor's "The Birth Of Red Russia" series is the ease with which Russians shed their birth names: Djugashvilli, Bronstein and Ulyanov became, respectively, Stalin, Trotsky and Lenin. One can hardly

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Come and get it!

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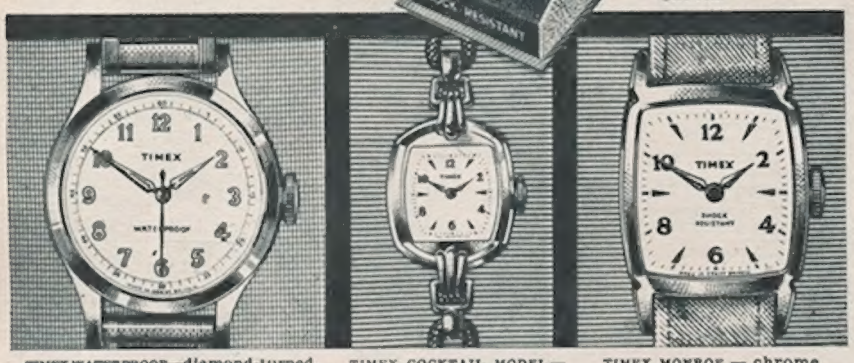

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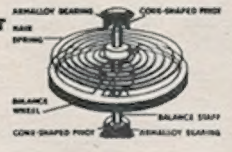

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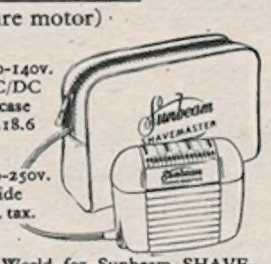

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

imagine a Briton so lightly casting aside his patronymic.—G. A. HORNSBY, Hutton Lowcross, Guisborough, Yorkshire.

"This is not characteristic of all Russians," says the Society for Cultural Relations with Russia. "These names were adopted because the men concerned were at the time members of illegal organizations. Lenin means linen, and Stalin, steel."

Nostalgic Guests

Shortly after moving into our new house, my wife and I decided to name it after the Trossachs, the famous beauty spot in Scotland. We thought it would be a constant reminder of the happy honeymoon we spent there. But our scheme has had another result: the very sight of the name seems to be taken as an invitation to all passing Scots, who frequently call in. This, we feel, illustrates the friendliness of the Scottish people, which we found most heart-warming during our stay.—S. F. MOORE, Chapelfields, Coventry.

Guilty Parents

People often accuse the younger generation of bad manners, but I believe this is unjustified.

I am a theological student, and I have worked as a bus conductor in the vacation. In my experience, it is the parents and grandparents who cannot be bothered to say "Please" and "Thank you." In a slack period on my bus last summer, I conducted a private census, which revealed that whereas only forty-three per cent of the adults showed evidence of elementary manners, the children—including "Teddy boys" scored ninety-one per cent.—BRIAN R. GREEN, Hampton Park, Redland, Bristol, 6.

Would Equality Work?

I have the usual Englishman's weakness for helping the underdog, but I feel that the latest move towards sex equality—equal pay—will have far-reaching results.

With the considerable number of working women obtaining equality, the cost of living is bound to rise. This will, in effect, harm the families where only the man works. Women cannot be expected to marry and throw away one wage packet in such circumstances, so the hardy ones who do will tend to remain childless, as the alternative would be a nightmare.

The 8s. and 10s. family allowances could hardly be increased to bring the family's standard of living to a reasonable level without introducing taxes that would affect only the single people.

I am looking forward to watching the government in power at such a time trying to keep everyone happy if the birthrate is maintained.—G. E. G., Darlington, Co. Durham.

Dropped In

One evening our fire began smoking badly, and finally my sister turned to me and said: "We simply must have the sweep." Hardly had she spoken when smoke began pouring out of the chimney, and on to the hearth bounced a ball of soot which, to our astonishment, produced two legs and a head. It waddled on to a low stool, flapped two sooty wings and flew straight out of the window, showering us and everything else with soot. It was a gull, and we saw it join two others wheeling over the bungalow. We forgave it the mess when we realized that, but for the heavy coating of soot, it would have been badly burned.—S. M. PULFORD, Eastleigh, Hampshire.

Discouraged

I agree that it is people with new cars who are most careless ("Free Speech," March 10). Here in Nairobi, which is notorious for bad drivers, it is always the beautiful, shining, new cars that are seen smashed up on the roadside. The roads are so poor in Kenya that no driver of an old car can risk travelling at speed; for if he did, the car would disintegrate.—MRS. F. M. BEEKES, Nairobi, Kenya.

Safer Crossing

Fifty-six years ago, my grandmother crossed Lake Victoria in Central Africa in the only boat on the whole lake—an Arab dhow that had recently been used for slave trading.

At night, as there were no sleeping quarters on the boat, she tried to camp on one of the vast lake's many islands; but the natives threw spears at her, thinking a party had arrived to seize slaves. So she had to spend four nights in the open boat.

Now, at eighty-one, she has just flown over the lake in a few hours—on the way this time to visit my aunt in Southern Rhodesia.—MARGARET FISHER, Abingdon, Berkshire.

Beauty Treatment

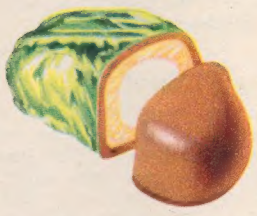
With the holiday season approaching, we will hear the usual outcries and appeals against litter being dropped in national beauty spots. But what about those mountains of "litter," the slag heaps, which make the countryside around iron works look like the aftermath of an atomic war? Surely we can find some use for slag. Let's have a large-scale anti-litter campaign. After all, what are pieces of orange peel compared with acres of slag?—R. NUTTER, Bristol, 5.

Millions of tons of slag—a by-product of pig iron—are produced

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THE COVER

THE best playmates are never to be trusted. If they were, life would be a lot less exciting for young adventurers. Take the sea; all summer it's a gentle, friendly companion—and ignored for sand castles and candy floss. But in May, after spending the winter as a stormy ally of the weather, it puts on a last show of viciousness with hissing claws of spray to tease and tempt and run away from. Soon, we hope, it will be only a caressing hand on the sands—though not before Morden's cover policeman has had half a gallon of salt water down his friendly neck.



Maple Brazil Cream. Crisp Brazil nut in rich Maple Fondant with covering of full cream milk chocolate.

What a gay assortment!

HOW DO YOU LIKE your music — hot or sweet, rousing or romantic? Or perhaps you like all kinds as long as they're good. Which just about describes Murray Regent — the assortment that strikes a new note in enjoyment. Oh what a heavenly variety this is! Each sweet in its glittering wrap was chosen for sheer enjoyment. Only the best quality ingredients go into Murray Regent, including real dairy butter, full cream milk, rich fondant, brazils and coconut. There's a lovely surprise awaiting you.

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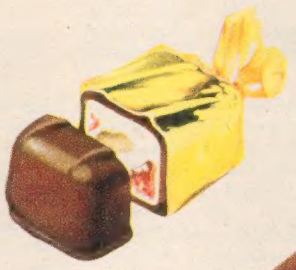

Montelimar Nougat. Honey-flavoured Montelimar Nougat with choice nuts and real cherries in chocolate covering.

Orange Cream. A delicious orange cream centre with chocolate covering.

Chocolate Caramel. Rich, creamy caramel coated with delicious full cream milk chocolate.

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See the difference–Save the difference

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

each year. About half of it is used, mainly for road work, as rail track ballast and in the manufacture of concrete. "Many slag heaps have been levelled and developed for housing and as recreation grounds and playing fields," says the Housing Ministry. "And sometimes they are planted with shrubs and trees to make them less of an eyesore."

No Difference

Pigs, as well as sheep, can be hoodwinked into becoming foster parents ("Free Speech," April 21). A sow will adopt one or more piglets if her litter, and those to be adopted, are smeared with oil so that she cannot distinguish the individual smell of her own offspring. By the time the oil smell has disappeared, she will accept the new piglets without question.—W. A., Orkney.

Cheap Substitute

In these days of rising prices, a job with the attraction of a few "extras" is very welcome, so last year a friend took up motor coach driving. The pay was good and the generosity of the average coach party made it very

profitable in tips. One day he took out a local women's organization and, being a considerate man, he put himself out to be helpful. At the end of the trip he seemed about to have his reward when the leader of the party asked her ladies to show their appreciation in the usual way. They gave him three hearty cheers.—F. B., Walkden, Manchester.

Winter Retreat

When cleaning our bedroom recently, my wife noticed, while under the bed dusting the mattress, several black spots about the size of a halfpenny. On closer inspection, she found that they were full-grown black butterflies with red spots—twenty-five of them, and all alive.—J. R. E., Swansea, Glamorgan.

"After the eggs are hatched and the butterfly is developed," says a naturalist, "it flies about among the flowers and feeds itself up until about the end of September. Then it finds a dark corner in which to hibernate until the spring. These were probably tortoiseshells."

Still In Demand?

With silver paper so valuable a commodity ("Free Speech," April 21), it seems unfortunate that fewer hospitals apparently want to make use of it. Are other organizations, I wonder, as unenthusiastic?—S. T., Salisbury, Wiltshire.

Many organizations welcome supplies of silver paper, including Dr. Barnardo's Homes; the Ponds Home for Spastics, Seer Green, Buckinghamshire; the Church of England Children's Society; the Women's Voluntary Service; the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, and the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

Cut Rate

As people are loath to pay the increased rates, why not introduce a discount for prompt payment? Many people wait until the final demand notice arrives before paying, and a discount would save a council a lot of money and paperwork. This idea works successfully in Canada, where discounts are also allowed for early settlement of gas and electricity bills. —Mrs. S. E. B., Dorset.

Discounts are permissible under the Rating and Valuation Act, 1925, and they are offered by about one in every six local authorities in Britain. The amount allowed off is limited by law to two-and-a-half per cent, but the qualifying period is decided by the authorities themselves. Recently, in one district, eighty per cent of the ratepayers qualified for the discount.

Eleven Years After

On my income tax return, there is once again space for claiming expenses for travelling to work if one is living or working in a different place because of the war.

Now that the war has been over for eleven years, I should have thought it time for everyone to be on the same footing.—W. L., Co. Durham.

"This wartime measure has yet to be revoked by Parliament," says the Inland Revenue. "As there may still be a few people affected, we must make provision for them to claim."

Bumped—Stumped

I have recently seen two cars badly damaged because the bumpers of each did not take the impact as intended. Had the fenders been equidistant from the ground, they would only have been bent. There seems to be a case here for standardization by car manufacturers.—J. Donovan, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

"In the United States, bumpers on cars are approximately the same distance from the ground—within very narrow limits," says a motoring expert. "But these are fitted with over-riders and are so wide, deep and strong that they would add considerable weight to the average British car."

. . . One of the reasons for the fall in British car exports is clearly spotlighted in "Brand new—drive with care" (John Bull, April 7).

Our sales abroad will continue to decline as long as British manufacturers turn out cars with windows that will not close and petrol tanks that leak.—P. M. Campbell, Darlington, Co. Durham.

Keeping It Cool

In Oakwood Park, Southgate, there is a curious brick structure which dates back to 1870. The plaque, shown in my photograph, says that it is an ice well and was used for keeping ice in the winter, for preserving food. I am wondering whether

ice was stored in these early refrigerators, or whether it actually formed inside.—A. C. V. Seymour, London.

"Ice was stored in these wells, of which there are many in Britain, mainly in the grounds of large country houses," says an expert. "The ice was collected from ponds and lakes in the winter for preserving food in the summer. The wells were as deep as ordinary water wells, but wider."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

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This famous Kodak slogan went round the world 60 years ago

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WHEN black and white photography began it was for experts only. Then Kodak came along and brought the pleasure of snapshots to millions all the world over.

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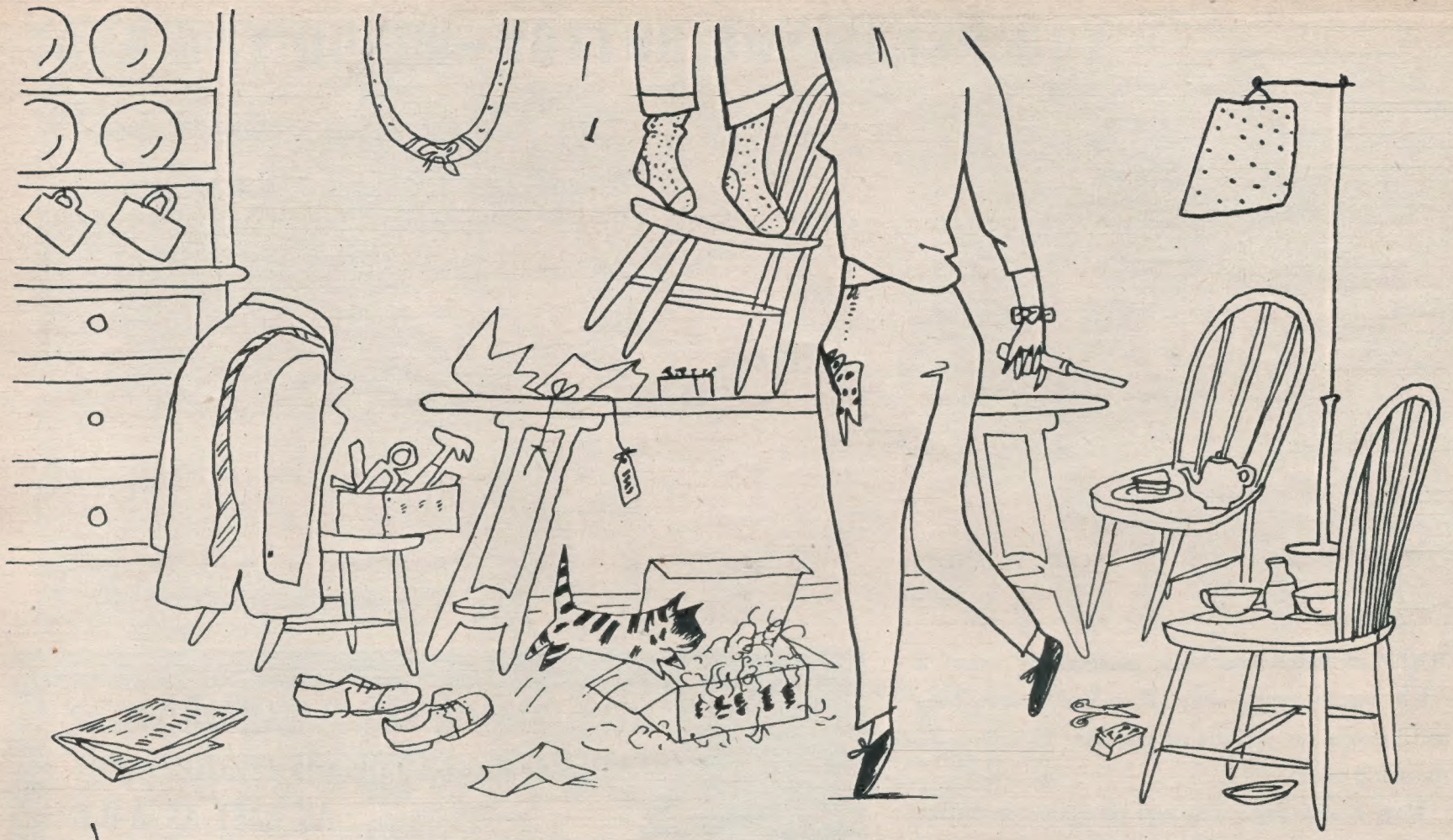


the things they say!

The builder told me that the wood for our house came from Sweden. I wonder why we have to import so much timber. You'd think by now that you people who make plastics would have developed other materials to take its place. Then we could cut down imports.

But plastics are already being used a lot.

Yes, I know — switches and lighting fittings and so on. But why stop there? What about wood for doors, for instance? If we made plastic doors at home, surely we could save a pretty penny?

You're wrong there. For that particular job what's better than wood?

What you're saying, then, is that plastics can replace ordinary materials only to a limited extent?

That's right. But there are many fields where plastics are supreme — where their lightness, strength and beauty, and the ease with which you can work them, give them the advantage over other materials.

Well, let's hear a few!

'Perspex' for aircraft windows, polythene for washing-up bowls, nylon for brushes, P.V.C. for raincoats and curtains . . . .

I didn't know that all these were plastics. Is there enough of them?

Well, there's never enough of a good thing, but I.C.I. produced more than nine times as much plastics last year as they did in 1945. And quite a big part of their annual £8 million research and development programme is being used to keep this country ahead in plastics technology.

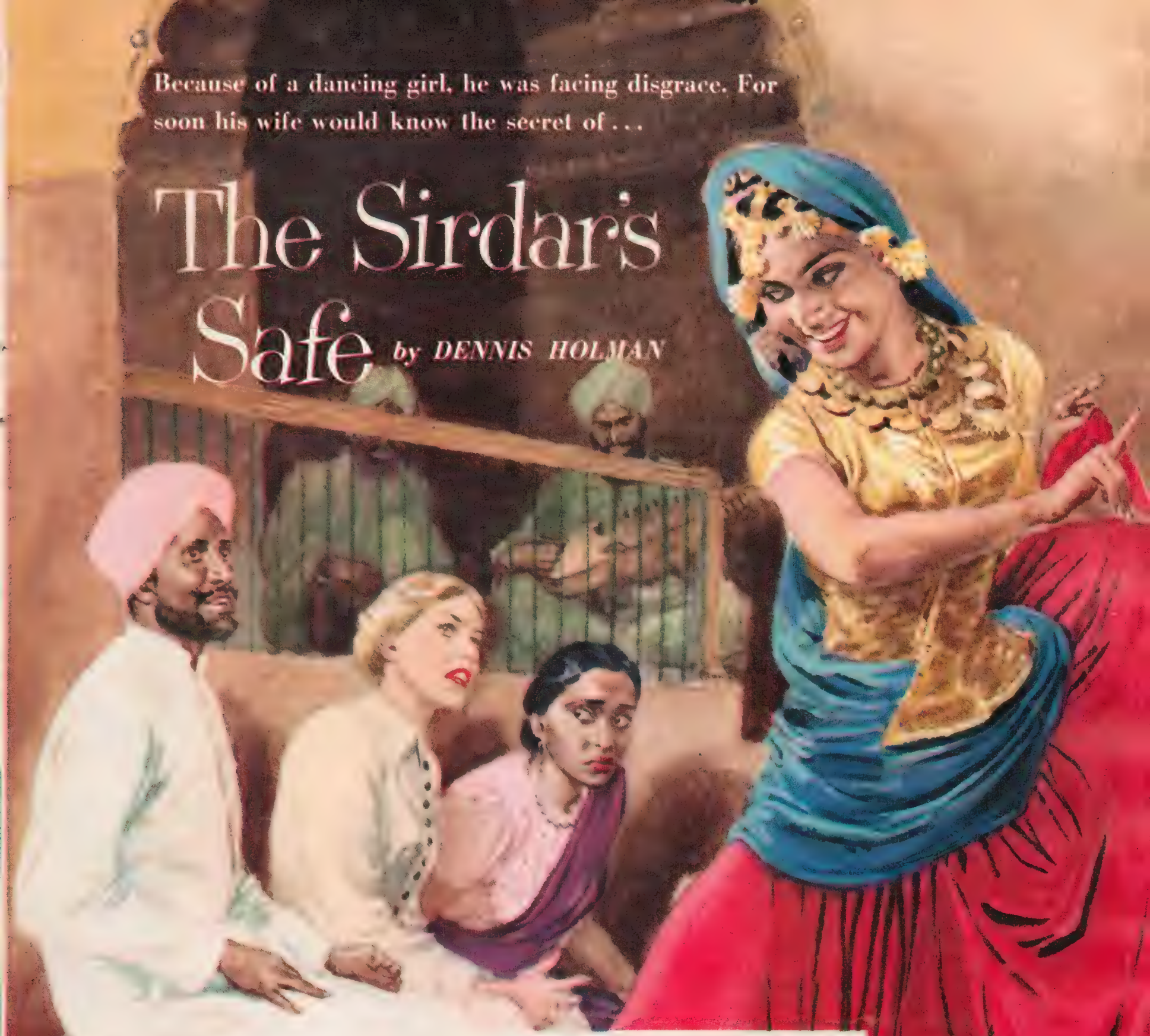
All right, Mr. Know-all. I should have known better than to marry a man who's in the business.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

Because of a dancing girl, he was facing disgrace. For soon his wife would know the secret of . . .

The Sirdar's Safe

by ***DENNIS HOLMAN***



LARKIN fired the first shot. It violated the moment of hushed stillness just before sunrise on the marsh, or *jheel,* as they call it in Northern India. Spent pellets from his shotgun plopped in the water close to my hide, and suddenly the place was clamorous with startled wildfowl.

Duck were taking flight from the reeds around me, and I was blazing at them as fast as I could reload. Soon the sky became overcast with tens of thousands of them, quacking as they circled higher and higher. There were geese among them in V-formations, their flashing wings catching the pink morning light.

I had never seen anything like it. The *jheels* I knew were shot out, the birds scarce and wary; I had congratulated myself on a bag of six after a hard day. But here I shot thirty-two in half an hour before the swarms left for their feeding grounds.

The two Sikhs with me retrieved them, wading bare-legged into the icy water, and we went to rendezvous with Larkin and his two Sikhs at an old well. He had thirty-seven duck.

"This is a terrific spot," I said to him. I was surprised and baffled, because Larkin had not had very much to say about the

Connie sat next to the sirdar as, captivated, he followed the dancing girl with his eyes

marsh on the way to the rest-house the night before.

"I'm the only one who shoots here," he said. "The owner won't allow anybody else near the place, except as my guests."

I could scarcely believe Larkin. I had known him a year; we were engineers in the same construction company. He was about thirty-five, good-looking, and a bit of a lad with the girls. He played the mandolin. But it seemed fantastic that he should have the run of this teeming wildfowlers' paradise.

He said: "Let's go for breakfast. The old boy is expecting us."

We all piled into Larkin's car and drove along the bumpy dirt road towards a walled village piled high on a hill that rose from the side of a lake four miles away. Barking dogs rushed out at us as we climbed in low gear up narrow, twisting streets astir with chickens, children, and people heading for the fields, each with a small pot of water. They salaamed deferentially.

Larkin stopped the car outside a door in a high wall, got out and pushed open the door. I followed him into a paved courtyard of a large house. On the veranda steps stood an elderly Sikh with a long white beard, who came down and embraced Larkin like the kindly father of a returned prodigal son. A few moments later a wizened little woman ran out of the house and threw her arms round Larkin's neck.

I was presented to Sirdar Jaipal Singh and his wife, but after greeting me courteously they turned again to Larkin. Neither the sirdar nor the sirdarni made any attempt to conceal their affection. While we breakfasted on hot buttered chupattis and honey, hard-boiled eggs, fruit and tea, they touched his hands, stroked his face, ruffled his sandy hair and bombarded him with questions.

In the last hour I had discovered an entirely new side to Larkin. Until the evening before, when he had asked me to go shooting, the thought hadn't crossed my mind that his contacts were more influential than those of the other British personnel in the district, or his background much different from theirs.

Yet here he was in the citadel of a Sikh stronghold, welcomed by the patriarch literally with open arms, and speaking fluent Punjabi. Mystified, I waited for an explanation.

My expression must have looked like a question mark, because Larkin walked over to a low, brass-topped table with rose petals floating on water poured into the centre circle. From one side he took a framed photograph of a beautiful, if intense, young woman in a high-necked, long-sleeved blouse and ankle-length skirt, holding a bicycle.

I BELIEVED him when he said she was a disciple of Sylvia Pankhurst, and that she had come out to India in 1918 to nurse and spread the gospel of militant feminism. The young woman's moral indignation hadn't faded from the picture. One could well imagine her impatience with Indian women because of their meek acceptance of an inferior social status.

Her name was Connie Nesbett, and the photograph had been taken on her first visit to the sirdar's house to attend one of his children. But that was about as much as Larkin would tell me in front of our host and hostess. However, we presently excused ourselves to go out for a cigarette, as Sikhs are forbidden tobacco and it would have been bad form to smoke in the house; and in the garden we returned to Connie Nesbett.

"She had blue eyes and golden hair," Larkin said, exhaling smoke as he spoke. He smiled at his thoughts and went on: "The sirdarni was her first disciple, and do you know why? Because of the sirdar—or at least on account of the wide-eyed and sinuous Chand Bibi, who entertained the family with songs and dances. . . ."

Apparently the sirdar would meet Chand Bibi in a sugar cane patch. His wife guessed there was something behind her husband's sudden interest in crops, and turned a blind eye. But it was too much when she saw her own gold and silver ornaments adorning the dancing girl one evening.

Chand Bibi was a brazen hussy. A few days later she danced in triumph, laden with necklaces, anklets and other jewellery, all of which the sirdani recognized as hers.

Connie was present. She saw the sirdar, captivated, following the dancer with his eyes, while his wife had to bear her humiliation before their numerous relatives and retainers.

As the ornaments were part of the sirdarni's dowry, Connie urged her to have the matter out with her husband.

She did, and he lied.

"Woman," he said, "I know nothing of this girl's baubles. Your dowry is intact in my safe." But he could not look her in the eyes.

She said: "If the jewellery is in the safe, open the door and let me see for myself."

"Woman, do you doubt your husband's word?" the sirdar blustered and banged out of the room.

HIS wife went to Connie. "He is guilty," she said. "But what am I to do? One day he will say dacoits opened the safe and that the jewellery has gone."

Connie was seething. Her feminist blood was up, and she worked on the sirdarni until the woman agreed to complain to her father; it was Connie who wrote the letter, as the sirdarni was illiterate.

The father arrived on horseback like an avenger, with bristling beard and a band of followers armed with swords. They took the sirdar by surprise, but when asked to open the safe he had recovered himself sufficiently to make an elaborate show of looking for the combination, which, he said, was written on a piece of paper.

The search for the paper took an hour, after which the sirdar declared that he had taken such precautions to hide the secret combination that even he could not find it. His father-in-law raged. Strong men of his retinue tried pulling at the safe door, a solid Wolverhampton product. Then a rope was tied to the handle and several men pulled together.

The sirdar laughed at their simplicity. "Owls!" he chided them. "It is stronger than a thousand such as you. Yet it yields to a child who possesses the secret."

"I will petition the commissioner," the father-in-law told him. "He knows many secrets."

"It would please me if he knew this one. Then you could see the dowry for yourself and leave me in peace. But this is an English safe. No one in the whole world can open it but me, and I have lost the mystic number." The salesman from Bombay had been eloquent in selling the safe, and the sirdar believed him.

The commissioner did not know the combination. However, he mentioned the problem at the club that evening and a sapper officer said: "We may be able to help you, sir. There's a sergeant in my company who's something of a safe expert. I'll send him along to the sirdar."

So in due course a tall, smiling sergeant of the Royal Engineers arrived at the sirdar's house, and Connie showed him the safe.

"Do you think you can open it?" she asked.

He slipped his chinstrap, removed a heavy sun helmet, and wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"It looks a good substantial safe, but opening it is only a matter of time," he replied.

"I'm glad, because it will expose the sirdar's wicked folly," Connie said with feeling.

"What sort of folly?" the sergeant asked.

She did not answer because the sirdar came in. He greeted the sergeant politely, adding: "The commissioner sahib has sent you to open the safe. But of course this is impossible, as you know."

The sirdar blanched when he saw the figures

The other examined the safe again and spun the dial. "You're sure you want it opened?"

"It is impossible," said the sirdar.

"I will give a hundred rupees if you open it, Sergeant sahib," the father-in-law said from the door.

The sergeant worked slowly, twisting the dial round with the sensitive tips of his fingers and listening for the tumblers to fall. He would stiffen as he reacted to an almost imperceptible click, write down a figure on a piece of paper, then turn to the dial. The sirdar frowned at this, and his frown deepened. When there were four figures on the paper, the sergeant saw him pick it up, look at it and blanch.

The sergeant continued, slowly rotating the

written on the paper. The sergeant had merely to turn the handle, and the safe would open . . .

dial from figure to figure. The fifth tumbler fell. He had merely to turn the handle to open the safe, but he paused and looked round.

As many of the household as could squeeze into the room were there, gaping. The principals were in the front, and the sergeant studied them —the sirdar, ashen grey, staring at the dial; then his father-in-law, stroking wind-swept whiskers, waiting; then the sirdarni, her intense black eyes boring into the safe; then Connie, narrow-waisted, blushing slightly and looking down.

The sergeant thought of what she had said about exposing the sirdar's wicked folly, and he linked this with the father-in-law's offer of a hundred rupees for opening the safe. He hadn't an idea of what was inside it, but he was certain it held a secret the sirdar did not want revealed. The sergeant decided to play for time. He caught the sirdar's eye, and very deliberately he spun the dial, locking the safe.

He glanced at his watch. "Let's break for lunch," he said. "This is going to take a little time."

He and Connie lunched together on European food prepared for them, and during the meal he pumped her to find out what was in the safe. She told him the story.

"What happens if some of the jewellery is not in the safe?" he asked.

"Quite a lot is involved," she said. "I suppose Chand Bibi will have to give it back."

"But the sirdar and his wife? This could start a feud between the two families. It could lead to anything, perhaps killings and reprisals."

The sirdar was in a jam. The sergeant's intuition had told him that. He was pleased he had resisted opening the safe.

He excused himself and left the room, ostensibly to smoke. Instead he went to the back of the house and told a servant he wanted a private word with the sirdar. The sirdar came out, and led the sergeant under an enormous banyan tree in the garden. . . .

Later, when the family reassembled for another session before the safe, the sergeant announced after a little while that he needed a special instrument and would return the next day.

The instrument was a stethoscope. When the sergeant used it, listening for the tumblers to fall, he seemed to have a little difficulty in working through the combination. Presently he twisted the handle and pulled open the heavy door. The safe was crammed with treasure, and a shout went up as the family crowded round to have a look at it. The pieces were counted. The dowry was found to be intact.

The sirdar's face was saved, the sirdarni had her jewellery back, and her father rejoiced that everything had turned out all right in the end.

At a feast that night somebody was tactless enough to call out for Chand Bibi to come on with a dance. But the girl was not present. She had been sent packing to Chail, in the Simla Hills, where she had come from. . . .

In explaining what had happened, Larkin stressed the propriety of the sergeant's conduct in the affair. He definitely did not make a deal with the sirdar to give him twenty-four hours in which to recover the baubles from Chand Bibi and put them back in the safe. No, the sergeant merely gave the sirdar the opportunity of redeeming himself, suggesting at the same time that no dancing girl was worth the trouble Chand Bibi could cause.

But the sirdar, a very rich landowner, was generous, and the sergeant was able to buy himself out of the army and start a business in Lahore.

THE only loose end to the story is Larkin, and this is how he comes into it. The recovery of the jewellery was really a triumph for the sirdarni. It gave her the initiative in her relationship with her husband, and with Connie's prompting she exploited it to better her position in the household. In a short while the sirdar discovered that the once submissive, soft-voiced little creature now possessed a will of steel.

He was disturbed by this realization, as he was a conservative man to whom the emancipation of women meant anarchy. In his own interests he felt he must get rid of Connie. But how?

He tackled the problem by inviting the tall, smiling ex-sergeant to stay in his house and shoot duck on his *jheel*. It was a master stroke. In two months Connie became the sergeant's wife, and within the year she gave birth to Larkin.

Her son showed me the wedding group photograph, taken outside the house in Lahore that the sirdar gave them as a wedding present. And I saw the safe that still held the dowry, although the sirdar's wife, now a B.A., had decided to sell the lot and invest the money in a local sugar factory.

Larkin added: "My earliest memories are of being thoroughly spoiled whenever I came here to stay. You can see why—to the sirdarni I'm the child of her best friend, the woman who completely changed her life; and to the sirdar I am the son of the man to whom he is eternally grateful."

That afternoon we shot quail and partridge in the dry winter fields. And in the evening we returned to the *jheel* to wait for duck as they came in, skimming over the reeds.

It seemed to me then that the gratitude of a sirdar was a very fine thing to have; especially if it included some of the most wonderful shooting in the world. THE END

CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

Turmoil beyond Malta

HARRY HOPKINS meets the men whose country is Europe, and surveys the powerful forces that keep the Middle East on the boil

FROM the Upper Barracca on top of Malta's loftiest bastion I looked out over what must surely be the most embattled and warlike prospect in the world. Far below stretched the Grand Harbour, its blue immensity fretted by peninsulas and twisting inlets. The low evening sun caught and lit up like a spotlight the grey expanse of the aircraft carrier Eagle that had come in the night before. The cruiser Sheffield, flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, lay near her; and behind, the grey shapes of other naval craft formed a curve, receding round the bend of Dockyard Creek.

Launches dashed about, tracing long straight white lines across the harbour; and, as they cut smartly into the landing stage below, the sailors, erect fore and aft, executed the brisk ritual movements of boathook drill. Malta is one of the few places left in the world where it is possible to enjoy—for a moment—the illusion that Britannia still rules the waves.

On the other side of the harbour lay the grey hulk of the floating dock; beyond, the cranes of the dockyard thrust up their serried heads; and then, all around, almost boxing the compass, there rose from the water the massive fortifications of the Knights—Fort St. Elmo at the harbour mouth, Fort Ricasoli on the tongue of land opposite, St. Angelo, which the Saracens began, Vittoriosa, a stone stronghold in whose narrow streets the Christian military order of the Knights of St. John first established themselves, Senglea with its high walls and bastions. . . .

Expelled from Rhodes by the Turks, the Knights had here on Malta turned and made their stand for Christendom. After a terrible four-month-long "Great Siege," the Turkish forces, numbering 30,000, were broken. Before these bastions the powerful tide of Islam, overrunning the Eastern Mediterranean, was finally halted.

Succeeding Grand Masters, vying with each other, still piled bastion on bastion and tower on tower till the island, like a great battleship, seemed about to sink beneath the sheer weight of its armour. An ironic sight these days—when all this massive stone, so heroically accumulated down the years, might be atomized in a single blinding moment of time.

And yet—H-bomb or no—the symbolism of Malta's bastions is not inapt. The making of history is still Malta's business. This small rocky island is still a fulcrum for the levers of the world power.

As I came down the long road that curves steeply from the Upper Barracca towards harbour level, I saw a massive new building with seven flags flying from the flagpoles that rise from its cornice. I distinguished the blue-and-white flag of Greece, the red star-and-crescent flag of Turkey, the tricolour of France. Each day the flags change their order, each moving up one, all except the right-hand flag, the Union Jack. For the Nato rule is that the flag of the "host country" remains stationary.

A new international military order has taken over this island in yet another great conflict of faith and of power. Here is Nato's Mediterranean headquarters.

Under the old régime of the Knights of St. John, each of the eight *langues*—or linguistic communities—of the Order lived its own more or less self-contained life on the island. The

An international Nato signals team in Malta. Gervais Boulogne (writing) and Pietro Salvaggi at work watched by Leading Signalman George Hodgson of Sunderland and Petty Officer Mario Lobrocca

The Arab world is split into rival groups. At Jeddah, Saudi-Arabia and Yemen sign a pact with Egypt

King Hussein of Jordan. His state, torn between pro-Iraq and pro-Egypt factions, shows chronic instability

great *auberges*, or inns, of the various *langues* with their attendant churches — the florid auberge of Castille, now the British garrison H.Q., the auberge of Provence, now the Union Club, the auberge of Aragon, now the Prime Minister's official residence, the auberge of England and Bavaria, the auberge of Italy—still lend their immense solidity to the street scene of Valletta.

Nato's latter-day militant internationalism, born into the smaller world of the jet-plane, the film and radio, may possibly prove of a more fundamental and enduring kind. So at least I reflected one afternoon as I stood among the chattering teleprinters in Malta's Nato signals centre. All day the messages streamed in and out, linking this ancient fortress island with all the other centres in the elaborate defence network which stretches from Oslo to Izmir. Arrangements which in the days of the Knights would have required days of arduous travel were being concluded in mere moments.

CHIEF of the signals team working at the point where I stood was a robust and cheerful Italian petty officer, Mario Lobrocca. Lobrocca came from Bari near the heel of Italy. Captured at Massawa during the war, he had spent some time in a p.o.w. camp near Wolverhampton. Under him—with the matter-of-fact internationalism that extends through all levels of Nato—worked a young French submarine man, Gervais Boulogne, from Dunkirk, another Italian, Pietro Salvaggi, who had transferred from a frigate and was so much at home in Malta that he was just about to marry a Maltese girl, and Leading Signalman George Hodgson, from Sunderland.

They had not, of course, abandoned their nationality when they entered Nato. The

Eric Johnston, Eisenhower's envoy, struggles to get Israelis and Arabs to co-operate on vital irrigation works

Nuri Es Said, Iraq's premier, talks to Adnan Menderes, Turkey's premier, at a meeting of Baghdad Pact powers

Frenchman still sighed for French cooking (instead of "nothing but steak, egg and chips") and complained bitterly of Maltese wine. Yet, thoroughly mixed as were their backgrounds they worked together as smoothly and naturally as they breathed. Nationality ceased to matter. They were communications operators: they belonged to one of the world's ever-increasing number of international professions.

An officer, watching them, said to me: "You know, it's the young people who will make this thing a fact. Old buffers like us, we know how we *ought* to feel—and we try. But they, they're growing up with it; it's coming to be instinctive with them."

Was there, perhaps, just beginning to emerge here on Malta the beginnings of an international —or at least a European—man?

The international Knights were driven from Malta by the surging nationalism of Bonaparte's armies. In Asia, nationalism is still the dominant force; but in Europe, beneath the surface, an international order is shaping.

Certainly, now as then, it has required a threat of world domination to close Europe's ranks. The Turks and Islam brought the Knights to Malta then. The Russians and Marxist-Leninism bring Nato to Malta now.

Yet, for all the obvious parallels, the differences are fundamental. If Malta is still a strategic island, the strategy is the strange, still unfamiliar strategy of this new atomic world. For now war as "an instrument of policy" is no longer merely "outlawed"; it is scarcely possible. Our statesmen cannot merely dispatch the British Fleet to give freedom to Greece, as we did in 1827, or send it to bombard Alexandria, giving the Egyptian "rebels" a lesson, as we did in 1882. Foreign policy has become a vast and swiftly changing field of manoeuvre, conducted under the long shadow of the Bomb, in which the invisible factors—psychological, moral, economic—are more potent than the threat of force too appalling and uncontrollable to employ.

Thus, in any "strategic" inquiry the questions which must be asked now extend far beyond the purview of War Offices. The most

"A lot may happen before we meet again," I said. "What sort of things?" Stella asked. I couldn't tell her. "Ask John," I replied

Arab refugees (right) live only for their return to Palestine. The U.N. secretary-general, Dag Hammarskjold, is working on a plan to prevent Arab-Israel tension exploding into a war

critical redeployment in the Middle East today is that taking place in the minds of its people. And that is vast, swift—and, in its outcome, still uncertain.

My long journey around the crossroads of the world started in Cyprus and ended in Malta. Both islands have for centuries been focal points of power in this vital sea; one is now a British air and military "nerve-centre," the other a Nato air-maritime headquarters.

It is in the intangibles that the all-important difference between them lies.

Malta, her valuable dockyards manned by skilled, ardently pro-British Maltese workers, stands today on the threshold of a period of intensive development with the assistance of the United Kingdom of which, at her own desire, she is now to become a part.

In Cyprus, on the other hand, British troops, not long before on the friendliest terms with the inhabitants, are being employed in an effort to suppress a revolt so bitterly and widely supported by the whole Greek-speaking population of the island as to make it virtually useless as a base in time of emergency.

Yet the Maltese are every bit as "alien" in race and tradition as the Greek-Cypriots. Between wars, the propinquity of Italy, the Italian culture of the Maltese leaders, the strength of the Catholic Church and the magnetic pull of Mussolini's New Roman Empire led to hankerings after union with Italy just as the Greek-Cypriots worked for union with Greece.

WHY the vast difference now? The answer, I believe, is to be found in the Latin inscription, still decipherable, over the portico of the Main Guard in Valletta: "To Great and Unconquered Britain: The Love of the Maltese Dedicates these Islands and the Voice of Europe Confirms It, A.D. 1814." We have here, in other words, a demonstration of the adage, "One volunteer is worth ten pressed men." For the Maltese *chose* the British connexion. After revolting against Napoleon's occupation, their leaders repeatedly petitioned Britain for incorporation within the Empire.

The Maltese were volunteers; the Cypriots, pressed men—for the Turkish empire signed them over to us, in a treaty, like so many sticks of furniture, and from the day we set foot in Cyprus in 1878 Greek-speaking Cypriots have been demanding from us—just as they had from the Turks—*Enosis*, union with the motherland, Greece.

Through the years since then we have by turns denied the strength of this emotion, and, alternately, tried to suppress it. But—short perhaps of Nazi-style mass-exterminations—ideas cannot be killed with weapons. Repression merely strengthens the *Enosis* idea, hardening and turning against us a basically friendly population. The idea lives on.

To outsiders, and especially to nations like ourselves long over the phase of romantic nationalism, the idea may seem absurdly irrelevant to the present precarious world situation. But nationalism is not reasonable. It is a phenomenon—a fact. In Europe now it is a fact of history; in Asia, from Cairo to Saigon, it is the key fact of our times. From the statesmen of the West it demands not outraged criticism, an emotional reaction, but careful diagnosis and understanding treatment.

For, in the life of nations, it seems that acute nationalism is a phase that must be gone through. The duration of the fever can be shortened by the treatment. And once the fever passes, the world wears a different aspect for the patient. Many things become possible.

Thus, in Cyprus, the appeasement of Cypriot Greek nationalism in its peculiarly sentimental and romantic *Enosis* form is not incompatible with the continuance of close ties with Britain or of the British base. On the other hand, the denial of these burning aspirations is.

The attempt to solve the Cyprus question by force of arms has already produced a succession of disastrous consequences, threatening the stability of the whole Eastern Mediterranean area. It has made enemies of the Greeks, for many years the most ardently pro-British people in Europe. It has set smouldering again the old forgotten enmity between the Greeks and their neighbours, the Turks, thus disrupting Nato on a vital front. In both Greece and Turkey, each at a critical stage in great development programmes, it has distracted energies from constructive tasks, building up the stability of the Near East.

In Greece, engaged in a life-or-death struggle to modernize her structure and to feed and employ her soaring population on meagre resources, it has so complicated the political situation as to threaten a return to chronic political instability —with Communism as the inevitable end.

Turkey, on the other hand, gambling hugely on the energy of her people and the latent wealth of her immense land, slowly feeling her way forward towards a parliamentary democracy which might be a model to all Asia, has been suddenly shamed by the terrible anti-Greek riots in Istanbul—ripping the cherished veneer off her civilization, reopening a chapter she had thought closed for ever.

BUT recent events in Cyprus and Malta have a wider moral. For it is in the Arab states of the Middle East that this fever of nationalism rises to its most dangerous levels. And here the statesmen of the West need double the delicacy of touch, for Arab nationalism—still very young, long repressed, still frustrated—is largely directed against the Western powers, the ex-imperialist masters and "oppressors."

It is here that the Russians, entering this new field with their offer of arms to Egypt in October, 1955, start off with an immense advantage. And, with an appreciation of nationalist psychology greater than we have yet shown, they have known how to use it. They present themselves not, as we do, in the rôle of great powers with heavy avuncular advice, anxious to line up the infant Arab states in alliances before they get up to mischief ("the ex-imperialists up to their old games"), but in the part of disinterested partners.

For the Arabs there exists in the world today only one "threat," only one "cold war." When one talks to them, however one starts out, one returns, always, inexorably, to the same point, this point of desperation: Israel, the badge of their defeat and their subjection. Israel, the festering abscess in the proud Arab body.

Certainly, no Middle Eastern government wishes deliberately to start a holocaust of which none can tell the outcome. On both sides of the fence, it is Fear that rules and sometimes takes terrible shapes. Yet, today, great masses of highly inflammable material lie about the frontiers: the many thousands of Arab refugees

Continued on page 51

"Play the melody and keep the beat." The unchanged formula is still successfully used by Silvester and his Ballroom Orchestra

Victor Silvester beats out a fortune

The drill sergeant of the ballroom has kept strict tempo for twenty years—at £200 a night

by DAVID MILLWOOD

ON Christmas evening last year, Victor Silvester sat alone in a straight-backed armchair at his London mews cottage. He had refused invitations from his friends so that he could listen to a recorded radio programme of his own strict tempo music. Ten minutes after the programme went on the air, he phoned the B.B.C. and complained that the recording was being played too fast. Sound engineers, who traced the fault to a fluctuation in the electric current, were surprised that the slight increase in speed had been noticeable.

It was more than an inspired guess on Silvester's part. He knew that if the tempo was too fast, as he suspected, the music would be off-key. "I played a few notes on my piano and compared them with those of the piano in the orchestra," he says. "They were not the same."

The difference was equivalent to one sixteenth of the range between a white note and an adjacent black one.

"It was characteristic of Victor," says a friend, "that not only did he detect the fractional error in tempo and checked it before phoning, but that he should have spent an hour and twenty minutes of Christmas night listening to his own music."

By never relaxing for one moment his self-imposed standards of precision, Silvester keeps at the top of his profession. Playing his strict tempo music in the same style today as he has done for almost a quarter of a century, he regularly tops dance band popularity polls. His *Television Dancing Club*, now in its ninth year, is one of the most popular TV programmes, and on radio he has broadcast regularly since 1937.

It has been said of him that no one has made so much money out of such a simple formula. A few years ago, a well-known dance band leader who sought a way to increase the sales of his records was jokingly told to "ask Victor Silvester," whose record sales exceeded 20 million. He took the suggestion literally and invited the strict-tempo maestro to lunch.

"I told him," Silvester says, "to play the melody and keep the beat. He now sells hundreds of thousands of records a year."

By relentlessly applying the same formula himself, Victor Marlborough Silvester has made more than £250,000 from his records alone. The annual income from records, television, radio, band engagements and dance instruction books of the two companies he controls is now £70,000.

Whatever the occasion, Silvester conducts his orchestra with the concentration of a skilled surgeon directing a tricky operation. He never jokes or chats with his musicians when he is on the stand. They are so well drilled in their routine that it is not necessary.

"The most we can ever expect from Victor when he is conducting," says a member of his band, "is an eloquent glare if someone should fluff a note. As we have played most of the tunes in the repertoire a few thousand times, the chances of that happening are pretty remote."

"Victor never relaxes for a second on the stand," says a B.B.C. producer. "His whole body is as tense as a coiled spring."

Silvester's apparent edginess and uncertainty in front of the cameras are usually obvious. A professional dancer who partnered him for a simple demonstration a few weeks ago recalls that he "trembled like a leaf."

Elaborate planning precedes each *Dancing*

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Club programme, and an office chart lists all band engagements for twelve months ahead, with each engagement written in pencil until the contract is signed, then replaced by an entry in red ink.

Silvester prefers to be paid in advance and will never gamble on box office takings, as some band leaders do, by accepting a percentage of the receipts. His fee for a one-night engagement varies between £200 and £300. People who hire his orchestra must agree to provide two grand pianos, if possible black Steinways. Arriving at a Scottish dance hall a few years ago and finding two uprights, Silvester returned with his musicians to their hotel.

"He knew that the organizer had sold 4,500 tickets at 3s. 6d. each and could not afford to cancel the dance," says a member of his band. "Within an hour we returned to the hall in answer to a frantic phone call and found two black Steinways, as per contract."

As a dancing teacher before the war, Silvester used to give demonstrations all over the country, but always on a payment-first basis. The organizer of a dance in Rochdale, Lancashire, who agreed to send £10 of his £25 fee in advance and pay the balance immediately before he went on, asked him when he arrived to wait for the £15 balance—"otherwise I'll have to pay you in half-crowns." Silvester never takes chances: he gave the demonstration with the best part of £15 in half-crowns jingling in his pockets.

In 1924, "Ginger" Silvester as he was then known—he now has thinning silver-grey hair and wears a toupée—was a member of a committee of four dancing teachers who evolved the "English style" of ballroom dancing, which has since become standard all over the world outside the U.S.A. While convalescing from pneumonia two years later, he wrote *Modern Ballroom Dancing*, which has since sold nearly half a million copies and is now in its forty-ninth edition.

It is read, in different languages, all over the world. A few years before the war, Silvester received a book by post which bore the inscription: "To Professor Silvester, with deepest respect from the author."

"It was a replica, in Japanese, of my own book," he says. "The Japanese publisher who pirated it sold two and a half million copies."

It was in the late twenties, when Silvester was running a fashionable dancing school in the West End of London, that he first thought of forming an orchestra to play strict tempo music for dancing.

"Every week I used to listen to hundreds of records in music shops, but never found more than one or two that were suitable." He suggested to the Columbia recording company, in 1934, that he should form a small band and make a few experimental records. With no previous experience of dance band work, Silvester mobilized a five-piece band of two pianos, saxophone doubling on clarinet, bass and drums and named it the Victor Silvester Ballroom Orchestra. Ben Edwards, his original drummer, is still with the band: Oscar Grasso joined as violinist a few months later and is now Silvester's business partner.

The routine Silvester worked out—instrumentalists plodded through the tune in turns to a solid rhythm accompaniment—was not very satisfying to listen to, but it was ideal for dancing and has never varied since. The first record he made sold 15,000 copies. Three years later he was broadcasting regularly with the band and in 1939 he gave up his dancing school.

Last summer, Silvester received an offer from commercial television but the B.B.C. bid higher and signed him on a three-year contract. It is the kind of arrangement that appeals to Silvester, as it guarantees a minimum of seven television and 102 radio programmes each year, at least twelve weeks' notice of any broadcast and no work on Thursdays or Fridays.

He likes to reserve these two days for band engagements such as the police and hunt balls he plays for all over the country, and occasional Continental engagements such as the British Legion Ball in Brussels last February. For the last three years he has played once a month at the Hammersmith Palais.

Silvester is the second eldest of a family of six, two boys and four girls. His father, a former Vicar of Wembley, had intended him to become a lawyer. "He sent me to two 'good' boarding schools, but I ran away from them both."

At fourteen, on the run from his second school, Silvester joined the army by faking his age. As a seventeen-year-old infantryman in Italy during the first World War, he was wounded and received the Italian Bronze Medal for Valour. For months after his demobilization in 1919 he was at a loose end, but his army service eventually secured him a nomination to Sandhurst. The charade of playing soldiers, however, after four years of the real thing, got him down. "I ran away for the third time."

A dancing enthusiast, he had earlier spent many afternoons at tea dances in Harrods Restaurant. The dance hostess noticed that his rhythm was natural, his steps smooth and easy. She offered him a job at £1 a week as a dance host. He accepted, and returned to the job after Sandhurst.

In 1922, he won the World Ballroom Championship with Phyllis Clarke and opened his first dancing school, in Maddox Street, London. "When the Charleston boom came in the mid-twenties," he recalls, "we worked from eight thirty in the morning to ten at night."

To see him through his arduous routine of television and radio shows, recording sessions and band engagements, Silvester has devised a keep-fit routine which he sticks to with scrupulous attention. Daily bouts of skipping, deep-breathing exercises and sun-lamp treatment help to keep his athletic physique in trim and make him, at fifty-five, appear a good ten years younger.

He preserves his healthy teeth—which he exposes once a month in a "toothpaste smile" on television—by another regular morning exercise. It was suggested to him by his dentist, who mentioned once that chewing on hard rubber helps to keep teeth from loosening, but added that not one of hundreds of patients keeps it up for more than a few days.

Silvester has kept it up for three years. He buys dog's rubber bones and chops them up with a kitchen knife. "I chew one piece every morning for half an hour."

Although he is one of the wealthiest musicians in the country, Silvester draws only £2,000 a year as a director of his two companies and lives modestly in a small, neatly furnished cottage conveniently situated behind his office in Baker Street. His wife, Dorothy, is a former beauty contest winner whom he met thirty-five years ago while working as a dance host.

A keen chess player and soccer fan, Silvester likes to spend his evenings quietly at home and his Saturday afternoons watching Chelsea, his favourite team. When Chelsea narrowly escaped relegation from the first to the second division a few years ago he bought champagne for all the band.

His employees sometimes find it difficult to live up to his exacting standards. A stickler for punctuality, he has never been known to be late for an appointment.

Some years ago, Silvester gave a lot of thought to the problem of punctuality at rehearsals: the worst offenders were causing resentment among their more punctual colleagues. Eventually he devised a fines club, with a levy of half a crown for every five minutes overdue.

Unpunctuality is now reduced and punished, resentment squashed and virtue rewarded once a year when the money is shared out equally among the orchestra. Silvester has not paid in a penny himself.

THE END

Silvester plays for demonstration dancers on television. Annual earnings from band engagements, records and books are £70,000

Television Dancing Club has become a family affair. Victor junior, whose wife Patti Morgan is hostess, took over when his father was ill

"A lot may happen before we meet again," I said. "What sort of things?" Stella asked. I couldn't tell her. "Ask John," I replied

I thought I could trust John Curtis—so I told him the truth about Lynn. But as the police closed in I was sure that he had made a rash, lunatic move . . .

THE SILENT PARTNER

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

LYNN was dead. That was something that only I and her murderer knew. Everyone thought—as I had until I found her body in our coal-cellar—that she had left me. But how long would it be before someone became suspicious? . . .

I am Mike Granville, the head of a small electronics firm. Lynn was my wife. I knew that I would be the chief suspect—Lynn had been trying to divorce me. She had disappeared three weeks earlier.

Her divorce petition, served on me a week ago, accused me of misconduct with Stella Curtis, my laboratory assistant. I had tried to find Lynn to persuade her to withdraw the case. Not for my sake—I was in love with Stella—but for the sake of Stella's scientist husband, John. He had not long to live.

Hoping to learn about Lynn, I went to the flat I knew she had in London. But someone else was there—someone who knocked me over the head as I went through the door.

I went to see Ray French next. He had been one of her friends. In fact, I learned, he had been more than a friend. Their affair had ended, he told me, before his engagement to Margot du Caine. In any case, he said, he hadn't been Lynn's only lover.

With all this hanging over me I was still trying to behave normally: at the factory we were working on a scintillometer for aerial uranium prospecting. I had arranged to go down to Wales for the final tests. But on the day before these took place the inquiries started. Someone *had* become suspicious.

I was with Stella when we met Detective Sergeant Booker. She walked on while I talked with him. Lynn's bank, suspicious of signatures on letters from her, had started inquiries.

I told him I'd been trying to trace her movements myself. And I left him in his car, watching me drive away. . . .

PART FOUR

"I Hate Lying To Him"

I PICKED Stella up a little way along the road. I said: "I lied to that fellow about the key because I didn't want him to think we'd spent the whole afternoon alone in the house together."

"So he thinks Lynn has disappeared?"

"He's only guessing."

We drove on. I said: "Stella. . . ?"

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing. . . . Will you ask me to supper?"

"Of course, Mike!" she said. "Come on in with me. There'll only be an hour to wait."

"Will John be well enough to see me?"

"Oh, yes. He's in bed, but——"

"Do you want me to say I picked you up in the town?"

She was silent. "More than anything I hate lying to him."

"On this I don't think we need or should."

We had come to the outskirts of Letherton. I wondered what Booker was doing now I'd left him. Was he driving back to London, or was he still at Greencroft, walking round the house and peering in at the windows? I hoped I had locked the french windows both top and bottom.

Coming to a sudden decision, I said: "I want very much to have a talk with John."

She looked at me. "What about?"

"About this policeman's visit."

When we reached Raglan Cottage, I left Stella downstairs and went up to see John. I wasted no time in saying what I knew I had to say.

There was a silence when I'd finished. Then he pushed himself farther up the pillows, and impatiently flattened the sheet. Though he was a pretty straightforward man, I couldn't tell what he was thinking.

Without looking at me he said: "Why do you tell *me* this?"

"I'm out of my depth. I thought if anyone could advise me on the motions of self-preservation it would be you."

"Is self-preservation all you want?"

"Not all."

His face was tight-drawn, the brilliant brown eyes concentrated as if in a bright light. "You realize you've taken a vital step in telling me all this?"

"Yes."

"And a risk?"

"The risk of being disbelieved. I know."

"Oh, I believe you."

"That's a risk you take."

He shook his head. "You're not a murderer. You've too much imagination. And gentleness. Though I think you might have put them both to better uses."

"Unfortunately the police deal in proof."

"No, the risk you've taken in telling me this is that you've, so to speak, passed the baby on to me. I have to tell the police or get in a tricky position myself."

I went to the window and sat in the window-seat. "And what do you advise?"

"Tell me first about yourself and your wife. I want to see more of the picture."

I tried to tell him about all the people distantly or closely involved, and our life together before Lynn disappeared.

"The trouble is," I said, "that the whole equation isn't laid on. Bits of it are probably floating around Lynn's London flat and the men who visited her there."

Footsteps were coming upstairs. John waited but they went past. He said: "An equation can have unknown quantities. The real difficulty lies in setting the thing up."

"It's in trying to set it up—or break it down—that I've landed myself in a worse mess than before."

"This man Simon Heppelwhite. He's your best friend and hers. If he's not involved, he could have a clearer view of your marriage than anyone. Have you seen him recently?"

"Not since this thing blew its top off."

"He would be worth seeing."

SILENCE fell between us. Then he said: "How exactly did the body look? Can you describe it in more detail?"

I described it in more detail. He said: "Yes. . . . Of course we're supposing that the police will be able to fix the date of her death accurately. That may not be. Anthracite would have some of the semi-preservative properties of ordinary soil. I doubt if the pathologists will be able to specify the date of her death to within four or five days. . . . But you are sure?"

"I think she died the night she disappeared."

"Then who came back the following night and what did they come for?"

"I think the person who killed her had left something behind and wanted to get it. . . . The scent came from the bottle he'd upset. And I think the ear-ring had been lying there since the night before."

"But your wife must have intended to divorce you. She must have sworn the affidavit when she was still alive."

"Yes, and I think she must have meant to leave me that night. The letter she wrote to me was so typical, and her handwriting is particularly hard to copy."

"But you believe she didn't pack her own bag?"

"I'm certain she didn't complete it anyway. She wouldn't under any circumstances pack my toothpaste. She always hated the flavour. She'd be as likely to pack my shoes by mistake."

"The point I think we have to ask ourselves, since it's the first question the police will ask

themselves, is: Who stands in any way to benefit from your wife's death? What was the motive: profit, concealment, reputation, sex, anger, jealousy? And how was the murder done?"

"Her—present condition shouldn't prevent them from discovering that."

"No. . . ."

"And what do you advise me to do?" I said again.

Outside on the weedy lawn a long black cat was stalking a thrush. Then almost as the cat launched himself the thrush saw the danger and soared to safety in a tree.

"Go and see a good criminal lawyer first thing in the morning. It's the only way, Mike. Don't go within a mile of your house again. Go and see him and tell him everything and do whatever he advises."

"Which will be to see the police at once."

"Yes, but in his presence. You'll be in a far stronger position after you've consulted him."

Stella put her head in. "Sorry to be an age. Supper is nearly ready. If Mike will give me a hand upstairs with it. . . ."

"No," said John. "Have it downstairs. I'd rather come down."

"But only a few hours ago the doctor said——"

"I'll take the risk."

While Stella was fixing things below I helped him to get up, to put on an old fisherman's jersey, a pair of trousers and a coat.

When he was dressed he sat on the bed and got his breath back before having a shot at the stairs.

He said rather carefully: "You know, in all this there's one symbol that puzzles me more than it should, because it's the one I'm most familiar with. It's the letter S—which shouldn't be an unknown quantity to me at all."

I reached for his slippers under the bed, found one, and then took more time than I needed to find the other.

Hoping that my voice sounded right, I said: "We've agreed she's not really in it at all."

"Oh, she is in one sense, whether we like it or not."

"Are these slippers the right way round?—there doesn't seem any difference."

"There isn't. . . . Are you in love with Stella, Mike?"

I would have given a year then to have been still in search of the slipper. But I wasn't. He only had to put his foot into it, and there was nothing I could do but straighten up.

I straightened up. I looked at him. He had his finger inside the heel of the slipper, fixing it.

"Yes, John. I think I am." There wasn't any lie I could tell him at all. Not any.

"Only think you are?"

"No. . . . I'm sure."

"And does Stella love you?" As he spoke he lifted his own head, his face a little less colourless from bending, his eyes full of a sort of incredulous inquiry.

"You ought to know she doesn't."

JOHN was silent a minute. Slowly he buttoned his coat, the strong fingers fumbling but not only from weakness. He said: "One isn't responsible for one's emotions, only for one's actions. . . . Perhaps I should feel gratified that we have an admiration in common——"

"I've only known it for the last four or five days. Believe me, I'd no idea. . . ."

"One doesn't necessarily have till the last minute."

"I thought I felt the same as ever about Lynn. It must strike you as queer, phoney——"

"Not as much as it might. Because something rather like it happened to me."

There was a whistle from downstairs. He mastered his own lips and whistled back.

"When I met Stella my first wife had only been dead two months. I'd been married to her for sixteen years, and marriages aren't much better than ours had been. When she died I thought everything was finished for ever. If I hadn't met Stella it might have been. But you might have thought chance would have given me a year or so to grieve decently.

"When I found myself in love with Stella—and deeply and truly in love: not merely wanting her and finding marriage the only way of getting her—when I found myself in love the feeling for a long time came up against a sense of outraged decency; it seemed to put in question my own sincerity towards both women and my honesty with myself. . . . Did you feel anything like that?"

"Very much. . . . Only I hadn't reasoned it right out. But in my case there's—an extra difficulty."

"You mean that Stella isn't free," he said gently. "But S becomes part of the equation."

"I still don't see it. Except that anything I may feel for her—any wish to keep her from getting her feet muddied—may have a bearing on what I do. She still isn't anywhere but on the extreme edge of this mess; and that, I hope, is where she's going to stay."

When I left the cottage, Stella walked to the gate with me. She said: "It's been a queer evening, Mike. Everyone—walled up, on their best behaviour, safe subjects only. Have we all got secrets from each other?"

"Yes. . . . Stella, he knows that I love you."

"Why? How?"

"He asked me. When it came to the point I found I couldn't lie to him about it. In fact I think he knew."

"It wouldn't be hard to guess, would it? You—don't seem able to hide it."

"I'm sorry."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me if you loved me too."

She put her fingers on the gate. "Well?"

"I said he ought to know that you didn't. I think he believed what I said. But the ice is thin."

"Do you know why I really came to Hockbridge this afternoon?"

"No, I——"

"It was to say I didn't think I could go on without telling him."

After a while I said: "Don't you sometimes hurt a man more by telling him the truth than by lying to him?"

"But when someone has absolute trust in you. . . ." She moved angrily, defensively. "If I don't play straight in this it makes a sham of everything I do for him. The faithful, loving, ministering wife. . . ."

I thought it out, trying to be absolutely honest with myself.

"But it isn't a sham; because it's true. You are the faithful, loving, ministering wife. If he's got to know about us, then I'm willing to face it; but I don't think we should insist on telling him because of some discomfort in ourselves. We're not entitled to make him sleep worse at nights so that we can sleep better. The thing's our burden, not his. If we unload it, we're not nobler, we're squaring our consciences at his expense."

She said: "If I cared for him less I should care for myself a lot more."

We were going to separate then, but I made a slight movement towards her, and took her hand. "No, Mike," she whispered. "Everything will become impossible if you——"

"I know," I said, not able to explain the conflict even to her. "I wasn't going to. . . . But a lot of things may happen before we meet again."

"What sort of things?"

"Ask John tomorrow."

"What sort of things?"

"Darling, I can't tell you. . . . Let me say good night to you now."

So I kissed the inside of her hand and left her. Even that respectful gesture made my heart

thump and wasn't gone through without feeling that I was blundering over the boundaries of the peculiar thing that had built up between the three of us.

John had advised me to see a good lawyer "first thing in the morning," and right after breakfast I rang the best lawyer I knew. Unfortunately, he was in Paris and not due back for another twenty-four hours. I decided I could wait an extra day, and set out for Llanveryan.

I arrived about ten past two. There I found no trials had taken place in the morning after all because the plane had broken an oil feed and wouldn't be ready to take off for some hours yet. This at first looked like a stroke of luck.

Holborn, the scientist from Canada who had been called in for expert advice, was a big, sharp-boned fellow of forty-odd with nothing much to say and a cagey expression. When I met him he was talking to Steel, the geo-physicist. I had five minutes alone with Thurston but didn't get to speak to my chief lieutenant, Frank Dawson, at all because, everyone having arrived, it was decided to have a preliminary meeting right away.

Thurston led off with a highly technical account of the test trials so far. Then after we'd discussed them Benson said what were Mr. Holborn's impressions so far as they at present went.

Holborn picked up a pencil in his big bony hands and said that obviously he couldn't as of here and now say much about the practical operation of the equipment. Running the apparatus in the plane on the ground had given him the impression that it was a little more sensitive to cosmic radiation than his own, and it seemed to him a pity that no cosmic cancellation circuit had been incorporated. But he didn't mention what most of us had in mind.

Steel said: "And as to the absence of a radio-altimeter?"

HOLBORN put the pencil behind his ear. "You're asking me to talk out of turn, Dr. Steel. But in principle I should say that's quite a disadvantage. It increases the likelihood of error—either error in mistaking worthless activity for a valuable ore body or in overlooking the genuine deposit when you come to it."

Benson said: "I think we have to take into consideration the circumstances for which this particular instrument is designed. And I think before going any farther we should hear from Mr. Thurston his reasons for considering this device and then rejecting it."

Thurston looked at me and said: "This is really your territory, Granville."

I said: "What sort of a plane were you flying, Mr. Holborn?"

"At first we had an Anson V, and then we put it in a Beechcraft Expeditor."

"Much bigger planes than the Auster we're using. . . ."

"Oh, yes, twice the size," he said. "They had to be. . . . Our apparatus was altogether bigger."

"And by how much did the radio-altimeter increase the weight?"

"I suppose by about thirty-five pounds."

I said: "That was one of our objections. Another is that you need elaborate test gear that has to be carted from place to place. And at the end it didn't seem to us that one ever has a reliable signal-to-height relationship. It was better, we reasoned, to have no correction than one that couldn't be trusted."

Rhodes, the pilot, said: "I can only just get her in the air now. If I carry another two and a half stone of equipment we'll have to reduce the fuel carried."

"Or use a bigger plane," said Steel.

We talked for a while and then Benson said: "I don't think we can really go any farther until Mr. Holborn has had a chance to test the instrument in flight. Do you know when the plane will be ready?"

"About five, I hope," said Rhodes.

We broke up then. At five I went out to the

Continued on page 41

"Frank, when did you see Lynn last?" I asked. He looked at me, sardonic and narrow lipped: "I don't remember. Why?"

* Which being interpreted means Caley make wonderful rich milk chocolates and delicious centres too! Truffles and toffee, cracknels and coffee, thickly covered with dairy fresh Dari-Rich full cream milk chocolate. Well worth yodelling for!

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ZANZABUKU • 3 **by LEWIS COTLOW**

We enrage the jungle with our cameras

Stealthily we moved into the haunts of Africa's deadliest game. Each step brought thrilling pictures—and more peril

I HAVE always felt glad that I went to Africa in time to see Lutembe. The grand old girl was dead when I returned in 1946, or at least she was presumed to be since she no longer came when called. But for at least three generations the famous crocodile had never failed to answer her name.

You may think of wild animals in African game reserves as being somewhat tame, but I doubt if you will ever find a friendly crocodile. Lutembe, however, was different.

I heard about her on my first African trip in 1937, and made a detour to the little fishing village of Dewe, on the shores of Lake Victoria, primarily to confirm my scepticism. I half expected to find a stuffed crocodile skin or at best a toothless old beast in an enclosure. But there was no fake crocodile on hand when I found Lutembe's master.

He said that he would have to call Lutembe, which he happily did for a modest tip. He gathered an armful of dried fish and led me to the shores of the lake.

There was not a sign of a crocodile. He cupped his hands, and shouted: "Lutembe!"

The name echoed over the choppy waves. I felt silly, waiting for someone to bring forth a crocodile from the lake just by calling its name, and after five minutes began to shift uneasily. The young man turned and with a gesture and a frown told me plainly that I must have patience. I suppressed my mounting doubts.

For ten minutes the call to Lutembe rang out over the waters Then, suddenly, the fellow pointed triumphantly to a spot far out, and turned to me with a smile. At first I could see nothing, but then I noticed a commotion in the water, as if someone was swimming vigorously. In a few moments I saw a snout ploughing through the waves towards us. It was Lutembe.

The ugly great beast—quite fourteen feet in length—heaved itself from the water and began

When Cotlow found a pool swarming with hippos, Ace DuPreez tried to rouse them for a picture. One angry bull moved—to attack

Ace DuPreez drifts slowly towards a suspicious herd of hippos. Later, when they surrounded him, he deliberately capsized his boat and swam for safety

Cotlow on a visit to the Kuria tribe. New-born babies are passed through the dangling earlobes of the witch doctor to bring luck and good health

lumbering towards us. I stood a few feet away, behind a pile of fish, filming the incredible performance. The crocodile looked huge and hideous, especially when she opened her cavernous mouth and I saw her sharp teeth. I thought she was glancing in my direction, but then realized that her interest was in the fish.

My guide reached for a fish, thrust it into the gaping jaws, his hand coming within inches of the teeth as they snapped closed. Fish after fish went down that throat until finally Lutembe's master took hold of her tail affectionately, and sat down on it. One swish, I thought, and he would have been tossed into the lake.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Five kings, *bwana* — Kamanya, Suna, Mutesa, Mwanga and Daudi Chwa.

I had no idea how long Buganda kings normally lived, but I found out later that this span would be about a century and a quarter. While this seemed an exaggeration, it was partially confirmed by the fact that the young fellow's grandfather had apparently been the first to make a pet of Lutembe.

He had tossed her fish regularly from one spot until in time she had learned to know the name Lutembe and to come when called.

There were still a few fish left on the bank, and I showed the boy how to handle the camera, so that he could film me feeding Lutembe. With a gleam in her eye, Lutembe moved towards me at incredible speed. I flipped a fish into her open mouth, and backed away. Lutembe was either disappointed in the small morsel, or disturbed at my mistrust.

Anyway she slithered into the water and began circling. Wondering if she would snatch at something thrown into the water, or perhaps retrieve it like a dog, I tossed a small stick playfully towards her. Instead of landing in front of her it hit her on the back. Instantly, as if in a huff, she headed towards the middle of the lake.

"*Bwana*, you should not have done that," the young master said, handing me back my camera. "You hurt her feelings."

For some time he pleaded with Lutembe until finally she buried her pride and circled back to the shore. This time her master stuffed her with fish until she lay contentedly in the sun, opening wide her enormous jaws before falling asleep so that the rays of the setting sun shone directly down her throat.

And that's the way I left her. Lutembe's story adds weight to the theory that wild animals are non-belligerent towards men unless annoyed, provoked or hunted. It had just never occurred to anyone before to be nice to a crocodile. . . .

I have seen and photographed hundreds of crocodiles since my experience with Lutembe, but never have I let her apparent tameness lessen my caution.

Another incident from my 1937 trip showed the foolishness of taking chances with crocodiles. Cézaire, a young Belgian whom I met in Kampala, went with me on a visit to a camp on the Epulu River in the Congo.

One afternoon it was sweltering, and Cézaire suggested a swim. I had some photographs I particularly wanted to take so he went alone.

As I returned to the camp I heard him shouting. There was such despair in his voice that I dropped my camera and raced full speed for the river. I saw Cézaire about thirty-five feet from the shore, treading the coffee-coloured water and splashing furiously with his hands. Two pygmies were jumping up and down on the bank, adding their shrill cries to his.

Suddenly I saw the cause of the commotion—a huge crocodile swimming steadily towards Cézaire. If Cézaire made a dash for shore, the crocodile could put on speed and snatch him in its jaws. Our only hope was to frighten the monster off.

I picked up a stone and let fly, but my aim was bad. Still, the crocodile slowed down. The pygmies followed my lead and started hurling stones. At the same time we kept up a terrific din. The beast slowed down, stopped, and then a stone caught him fairly on the snout. That was enough; he turned and retreated.

When Cézaire came out of the water, he was trembling. He explained that he had been enjoying his swim so much that he paid no attention to the pygmies' warning cries—and then it was too late.

It may seem foolhardy to swim in waters known to harbour crocodiles, but since all rivers and lakes hold them people swim and fish in spite of danger.

Crocodiles are well adapted to their environment and are formidable beasts. They can kill a rhinoceros ten times their own weight, or even a small elephant. But hippo calves are their favourite fare.

When hippos are about to have babies they usually clear a section of the river so that no crocodiles are around. And mother hippos carry their little ones on their backs when on the move. Crocodiles keep clear of the "river horses" unless they think that they can sneak in and kidnap a hippo calf. They won't risk a fair battle with an adult hippo.

It is amusing to watch a big group of hippos together, in clusters of fifty to a hundred, provided that you can sit in some safe spot. Even if the hippos have noticed you and submerged, they soon go about their business again.

I VISITED the Rutshuru River twice—on my 1937 trip and also in 1946 when I went to Africa to make a film with Armand Denis, the television explorer. There, and also in the Kazinga Channel, between lakes George and Edward, hippos are protected and thrive.

You can watch them for hours without getting bored, chiefly because they have such a good time. You find yourselves smiling at their antics, particularly the cow hippos playing happily with their little calves. They will carry their young on their backs, make them slide into the water, then help them to climb up for another go.

It is one thing to watch these fellows from shore, but quite another to stand in a frail dinghy right in the midst of a herd. That is just what my friend Ace DuPreez did. Ace, of French Huguenot descent, was born in Kenya and is now game warden of the Mara Valley area. To help me with my film, he let his dinghy drift slowly towards a cavorting herd of hippos. We photographed the scene from another boat. As the dinghy came within a few yards of the hippos, they submerged quickly and noiselessly, then came up, showing only

A cameraman moves in for a close-up. When an elephant herd threatened a stampede, Cotlow and his men took refuge behind a wall of fire

eyes and nostrils. The boat still moved only at the gentle speed of the water, and Ace made no sudden gestures.

Some of the hippos stayed underwater; others stared at the invader curiously but not belligerently. So long as it was not a crocodile after their youngsters, or a hippo from another herd, they apparently had nothing to fear.

Ace drifted into the centre of the herd, and did not seem worried as he stood up in the boat to take close-ups. But until he had gone past the herd I was afraid that he would be tipped over by some well-intentioned hippos coming up for a look.

I mentioned this fear to Ace when he rejoined us. "Oh, I don't think they would have hurt me even then," he said, "but it would make a wonderful picture. Would you like to get it?"

I didn't take him seriously at first. Of course it would make an exciting picture, but I didn't expect anyone to be foolish enough to try it.

"Tomorrow we'll do it," Ace said happily. "If a hippo won't tip the boat over, I'll help."

I protested that I wouldn't allow it, but Ace would think of nothing but what a fine picture it would make. So the next day, against my wishes, he boarded his dinghy again while we trained our cameras on him from the other boat.

Once more he drifted slowly to the middle of the hippos—the same herd he had visited the day before—but manoeuvred so that he was closer to shore. The scene would be exciting enough without making him swim too far to safety.

Suddenly Ace signalled and stood up. The little boat tipped, Ace lurched as if trying to keep his balance, and then tumbled into the water with a splash. Hippos surrounded him as he swam for the shore about two hundred feet away. I held my breath, expecting to see a thrashing in the water, a huge gaping mouth, and then no more of Ace. But the nearest hippos submerged and swam away.

When they came up again, Ace had almost made it to shore, and they just looked after him inquiringly. A few snorted loudly, and one even swam after him—but lazily and curiously, not with speed and anger.

A few days later Ace and I and a cameraman came upon a muddy pool overflowing with hippos. There were at least fifty, all so thickly covered with mud that we could hardly tell where one hippo left off and the next began.

I wasn't sure how good a picture this would make, but it was worth a little time and a few feet of film. Ace and I walked towards the pool while the cameraman stayed behind with the truck, shooting our approach and my own filming of close-ups.

As we drew near there came a sudden restlessness and annoyed heaving of that entire mass of muddy hippos, almost as if some subterranean rumbling had shaken the mud beneath them. We stopped and the heaving subsided. We walked closer and once more the muddy mass of animals stirred, and some of the hippos bellowed. One gigantic bull hippo at the edge of the pool lifted his head and glared at us. He was obviously not pleased with our presence.

In my view-finder I could see that my pictures would probably look like nothing but a waving mass of mud, so Ace decided to get a little action. He took a couple of steps and yelled at the suspicious hippo. The big beast decided that we had interfered enough.

I cannot understand how such a bulky animal mired in mud could move so quickly, but before we could think he was coming towards us, head

Continued on page 53

"Rhinos seem to go around permanently angry," says Cotlow. As Pellegrini was roping this captive, its mate charged. With a pole he taunted it into retreat

CLOUDBURST

"So you came," Tommy said. Head high, Pinard returned his stare without flinching

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

EVERY man wants something, Gustaf Gerhardt used to say. The good ones go after it and are measured by their efforts, win or lose. The poor ones haven't the guts to try.

As a philosopher Gustaf left something to be desired—he, himself, was certainly no shining example of success—but he was right about young Tom Haskell. Tommy wanted something in the most desperate way, and he came to Port Marie in search of it. Only we were a long time finding out what it was.

On my way up the hill to Gustaf's house one evening in August, I saw a light in the old plantation bungalow on the ridge-top.

"Who's stopping at Geoff's place?" I asked, while Gustaf hunted for the chessboard.

"Some prowler, perhaps."

"Hardly. Everything worth stealing was taken long ago."

"Don't know who it could be, then, unless Geoff's come back to haunt the place."

He had found the board while talking, and we settled down to play. Gustaf and I had been thirty years in Haiti and we were old friends.

Port Marie was far off the beaten track, the sea at its front door, mountains massed up behind, and our only link to civilization a nightmare road significantly omitted from every respectable map of the Caribbean. Fewer than three hundred souls inhabited the valley, and all but two had been born there. Gustaf and I were the outsiders.

We played our short game. Then Gustaf scowled at me. "You suppose Geoff's boy has finally sold the old place?"

"It's possible."

"Heaven help the man who tries to put it back in shape!"

We reminisced for a while about the man who

With voodoo and fear, Pinard ran the village. And he was out to smash Tommy Haskell

by HUGH B. CAVE

might have been sitting there with us, had he lived. Then the conversation palled and we simply sat, listening to the gurgle of the river and the distant boom of surf on the beach.

Next day, about noon, I saw our stranger tramping the hillside, and walked up to introduce myself.

"You don't remember me, do you, Mr. Miner?" he said, shaking my hand.

I gazed at him hard—a nice-looking British lad in dusty khaki, but no one I knew.

"I'm Tom Haskell."

"Tommy Haskell! Geoff's boy! You were an arrogant little pip-squeak."

"I've changed, then," he said, grinning. "Or hope so. Will you come and have pot-luck lunch with me?"

Outside the old bungalow on the ridge-top, built by the lad's father twenty-six years before, stood a four-wheel-drive pick-up loaded with boxes.

"I got in from the capital yesterday," Tommy said. "Would have stopped to say hallo, but it was too late. And, for all I knew, the old house here might have been a pile of rubble."

It wasn't rubble. Geoff Haskell had built the house of stone. Inside, of course, termites had reduced the woodwork to dust, but if the lad meant to live here he had a good start.

He got together a meal of tinned stuff, and told me his plans while we ate. "I'm going to root out the old coffee and plant new stock," he said. "I'll need workers, Mr. Miner."

I told him to call me Andy. "For workers you'd better see Pinard."

"Not the man who——"

"No," I said. "This is Octave Pinard, the son. The difference is only in name, though. He's God in Port Marie, just as Pradon was before him."

Something happened to Tommy Haskell's mouth to make it hard. "The house I can put up myself, in my spare time," he said slowly. "As soon as I've got it in shape, my wife will be coming out."

"Your wife?"

He lifted the lid of a small trunk in the middle of the room and handed me a framed photograph. "We were married six months ago."

"Port Marie can be a deadly place for a girl," I warned him.

"Florence is no ordinary girl, Mr. Miner."

Heaven help us, I thought; *those were the very words Geoff Haskell used when he brought Helen out.*

I put the photo aside, remembering the day Tom Haskell's father came to Port Marie. Gustaf had been living in Port Marie then for four years, I for two. We still had a few illusions.

One look at the high hillsides bordering our valley, and Geoff had been off like a bloodhound. Gustaf and I had acquired land along the river, buying only enough of the ridge for house sites with a breeze and a view. Geoff bought the ridge itself, built his house above ours, and planted coffee.

He'd left his young wife at home, but when the house was finished she came out, proud as punch to be the first white woman in our little patch of paradise. Within the year Geoff took her to a hospital in the capital, and young Tommy was born.

I can't say I took to Helen Haskell altogether. I disliked the way she pushed poor Geoff so relentlessly. He was by nature a peaceful man, one to avoid clashes with other men by turning the other cheek and making the best of things. She gave him no rest when she felt he needed prodding.

Success eluded them, just as it had eluded Gustaf and me, but until Helen left, taking their little son home for schooling and vowing she would not return, Geoff never stopped believing things would come out right. He faced the facts then but was in too deep to pull out. His hillsides of coffee were all he had in the world.

So he stayed—a lonely man, living by himself in his big stone house, with only a village crone, ugly as sin, to cook and clean for him. As the months went by we saw him less and less.

Then one morning the crone came down the road to tell us he was ill. He had been complaining of his heart, she said, and had collapsed at the breakfast table. When we got there he was dead.

We found his wife's address among his effects and wrote to her. She came, but stayed only about a week. I suppose she hated the place.

We never saw Helen Haskell again.

But now their son, Tommy, gazed at me across the sitting-room table in that same house, with a look in his eyes that defied analysis. "For me, Mr. Miner, this has got to work," he said. "Some day you'll understand why."

"Is your mother living?" I asked.

"Yes. She's teaching."

"And she didn't try to talk you out of coming back here?"

He let a bit of silence go by. "Mr. Miner," he said then, "I don't think you knew my mother very well. . . ."

Some of my first impressions of Tommy Haskell turned out to be wide of the mark, as you will see, but on one point I was right: he had a world of determination. I prided myself that I worked hard myself, but never a morning passed that I didn't see him slogging away on his hillsides. He had a score of natives chopping at Geoff's old coffee trees, and swung his own machete from dawn to sundown.

"Heaven help him!" Gustaf said. "He'll put every halfpenny he's got into the place before coming to his senses. Why can't you talk to him, Andy?"

I tried. I escorted him through my own miserable establishment by the river, the ancient engine groaning in agony to chew the juice from the cane, the fire under the still hurling out a blast that blinded a man with his own sweat.

"Look at it," I said. "When I came here I was going to sweeten the world with sugar. And what have I got? A filthy little distillery, turning out third-rate rum. Can you do better?"

"I can try, Mr. Miner."

"And look at Gustaf. He was going to make a million dollars in essential oils, but barely manages to feed himself. Do you envy *him*?"

"You're both still here," he said.

"Gustaf is seventy-two and I'm pushing sixty. And remember, he was a widower when he came: I've never married. It makes a difference."

"I'm sure it does," he said.

And that was all the notice he took. Working through all the August-September heat, he cleared his land and got part of it planted, laid out a coffee nursery, repaired the house. If we helped him it was only because he deserved

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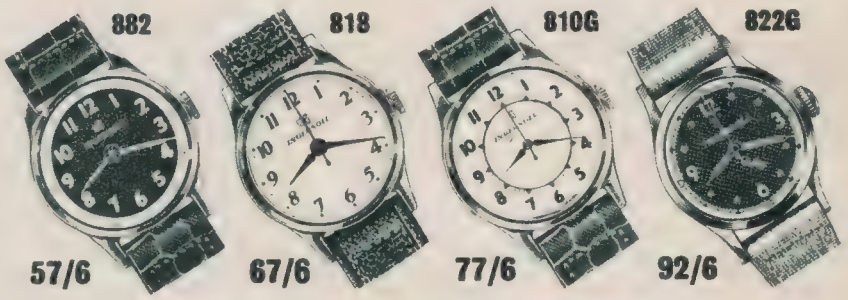

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it, not to encourage him. You couldn't see a man labour so mightily without lending a hand.

Then, one day in mid-October, he drove down to my house, and by the grin on his face I should have guessed what was coming.

"I'm on my way to town, Andy, to meet my wife."

I all but upset the table. "You mean you've sent for her?"

"Yes—a couple of weeks ago. And yesterday Octave Pinard brought a reply."

Our mail in those days was dropped at Rafael, the end of the road except for our mountain track, and there passed out to any responsible Port Marie citizen who showed his face.

"She's arriving on tomorrow's plane," Tommy exulted.

"Then there's nothing I want but good fortune for the two of you," I said, rising to shake his hand.

When the pick-up groaned up the road the following evening, Gustaf and I were waiting at the ridge house. We had put up a sign over the doorway reading "WELCOME," and we'd done our best to make everything look festive with streamers of flowers. A covey of scrubbed young native lads was there to serve the handsome dinner we'd cooked. We had fussed all day over the preparations and were shaking in our shoes for fear she'd be the sort to resent our meddling.

We needn't have worried. The sign made her glow. The decorations put stars in her pretty eyes. When we sat her down at the table and signalled the boys to bring in dinner, she reached out and clasped our hands.

"With neighbours like you two, I know I'm going to like it here," she said.

Gustaf rose and bowed. "Madam, we're going to like having you."

SHE was a surprise. A dainty thing, seemingly fragile as a flower petal, she nevertheless was bubbling over with vitality. From the start she took a lively interest in Tommy's doings and trailed him about, toiling with him over his hillsides, in blistering sun and drenching November downpours. When we scolded her for it she only laughed.

There were times when I would have sworn we had half a dozen white women in the valley instead of one. She drove the truck to market, rode horseback, walked the trails as though she'd been born to them. She made friends with some of the native women and took one in as cook and housekeeper. On the sewing machine Tommy bought her in the capital she treadled out clothes for adoring youngsters. In a month she spoke the patois nearly as well as we did.

But one morning in December, trudging through the cane trash in my factory yard, Tommy Haskell halted before me with a face full of trouble. "Is this a holiday, Andy?"

He knew it wasn't. He had to shout to be heard above the snarl of my engine.

"My men haven't turned up," he complained. "And I've got some holes to dig. The truck is loaded with plantain bits."

I knew he'd been searching high and wide for plantains. Yesterday he had driven two hundred miles to buy some, and paid through the nose for them.

"So it's begun at last," I said.

"What has?"

"The squeeze. Your friend Octave will be expecting you. I'll go along if you like."

We rode to the village in my jeep, and I swear the whole community knew what was in the wind, for every eye was on us when we stopped. The house was the fanciest in town, of course, with a store and rum shop on the street floor, living quarters above, and a lofty wooden gallery jutting out over the sidewalk. Pradon Pinard had built it with money extorted from Gustaf and me. Now it belonged to his son.

Octave met us at the head of the stairs, a solidly built man in his late thirties. With a flourish he escorted us into his ornate sitting-room.

"This is a pleasure, gentlemen," he said. "What can I do for you?"

We sat. Tommy waited uneasily for me to do the talking, and I glared at our host in silence for a moment. Years ago I had made the mistake of thinking old Pradon sincere in his talk about improving Port Marie and providing work for the peasants. At least the son and I understood each other.

"Mr. Haskell's people didn't show up this morning, Octave," I said.

"Oh?" His eyes widened in feigned surprise. "They can't all be sick."

"There is no illness here that I know of. Perhaps if I made inquiries. . . ."

I put the tips of my fingers together and frowned at them. "More than likely some trouble-maker has given them ideas. You know how it goes. Remember, though, Mr. Haskell is not a wealthy man. If he has a hard time he'll have to pull up stakes."

"But of course," he said. "I understand completely."

"Right now he's got a truck-load of plantains to set out. Losing them would be a hardship."

"They must be planted," Octave declared. He got to his feet and patted Tommy's arm. "Do not worry, Mr. Haskell. I know how to deal with these people of mine. You leave this to me."

On the way back to my place Tommy turned on the seat to scowl at me. "Now what do I do, Andy?"

"You've done it, for now. Later you pay the piper.

"Octave didn't ask for money."

"Shame on you," I sighed, shaking my head. "Would a friend ask payment for a simple favour? This whole thing was probably just an unhappy misunderstanding. You're new here. You did something to offend your workers, perhaps, and they cleared out. Octave will put things right in no time."

"Then. . . ."

"But he'll have to promise them a big shindig this Saturday night, with rum and food to mend the hurt. My guess is that it will cost you about a hundred dollars, this being only the curtain raiser."

"A hundred dollars!"

"Oh, there'll be a party, all right. It will cost Octave about twenty."

Tommy's mouth was hard again. "So this is the way it works," he said.

That evening, thumping up my veranda stairs, he shook with anger. "You were wrong," he told me. "It was a hundred and fifty he asked for."

I glanced at Gustaf, who'd come to play cards. Gustaf's gnarled hands twitched on his knees.

"You paid him?" he asked.

"I ordered him off my property."

"Heaven help you!"

"Look," Tommy said savagely. "I know I'm new here, but I'm not going to be sat on by anyone. I can't see that you two have got anywhere by. . . ."

He caught himself and dropped his gaze. Then he said: "I'm sorry, I didn't mean. . . ."

"You said it," I shrugged. "Maybe you're right. How do you propose to handle him?"

"I'll fight him. I can't do anything else."

IT was a sorry business. Where he erred, of course, was in underestimating Octave Pinard. By any ordinary standards Octave was just a cheap crook, but in Port Marie he was also the magistrate, as big a man as the mayor was in the capital. Bigger, because in our isolated valley there was no one to question his conduct. In Port Marie, Octave Pinard's word was law. The peasants trembled when he spoke.

Tommy got his plantains in by finishing the job himself, but paid for it with two days in bed, recovering from exhaustion and sun. We couldn't help him. Men our age don't clamber over steep hillsides under a tropical sun, and my workers, if asked to lend a hand, would have walked out on me. We even feared the consequences of going up to the lad's house to see him, but we went.

Propped in bed, he clung to his wife's hand and grinned at us. "I've won the first round," he said. "It's Octave's move now, if he can think of one."

I stole a glance at Florence. She was cut

Continued on page 36

Two Intriguing New Short Stories

THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES

by N. J. CRISP

"EVERYONE does wrong and stupid things sometimes," said Flying Officer Harding's wife. But that was no excuse for her tragic mistake: wasn't he right to condemn her? The answer came when he least expected it—in the cockpit of his jet fighter as the plane hurtled straight down towards the earth. . . . An absorbing drama of love and adventure.

WITCHCRAFT IN THE LIBRARY

by WILLIAM BRANDON

MADEMOISELLE BRIAND said: "I do not understand what is happening to me. I feel so different, as if I do not know myself at all. . . . It is all so wonderful. It is like a miracle." Henri said: "I think that some kind of spell has been cast on us." The Professor said nothing: he merely gave his cloak a magician's flourish. . . . A delightful story of Paris in the spring.

In John Bull Next Week

Frozen foods are changing our eating habits. A dinner prepared by the chef last year can be served by the housewife tonight

Square meals cooked up from forty below

by ANTONY FERRY

Even elaborate recipes can be frozen. Aristide Paggi tests a meal on an aircraft-type cooker

DURING the Berlin blockade in 1948, a former British ice-cream salesman named Louis Lowenthal flew into the besieged city with a briefcase containing what he believed to be the solution to the Russian stalemate.

Every pound of food, fuel and supplies had to be flown into the stricken city by a costly, round-the-clock airlift because of Communist roadblocks on every artery leading into Berlin. Lowenthal's answer was pre-cooked frozen food.

Within an hour of his arrival at Tempelhof airport, he served up a dozen complete hot lunches to military officials and members of the Berlin city council. The combined weight of the frozen packets was just under six pounds; every ounce of the food was edible. And there was a saving of one third of the fuel normally required to cook a dozen meals.

The scheme was proved sound and Lowenthal took thousands of orders during the following two days. But it never materialized on the scale he had envisaged. A few days later the Russians took down the roadblocks.

Ever since he abandoned ice-cream for a more staple line of foods, Louis Lowenthal has been serving meals from his satchel, or sometimes from a mobile frozen food cabinet, to caterers, Servicemen, and ordinary housewives from Fez to Cairo, across the Far East to Malaya and sometimes, with typical audacity, inside the Arctic Circle.

To find markets for Frood Products, Ltd., a subsidiary of J. Lyons and Company, Lowenthal has flown three times round the world since the war, delivering a continuous stream of sales patter in an effort to promote the three hundred different recipes which his firm has quick-frozen.

Of the 280 million meals prepared by the firm last year twelve million were sold in the quick-frozen state to retail outlets, caterers and air-line companies. These meals, which can remain in their solid condition for a year before being re-heated, range from the conventional roast beef in brown sauce to such delicacies as lobster newburg, boeuf strogonoff, madras curry, barbecued spare-ribs and, in limited quantities, chicken foo yong.

Only about twenty of the more conventional lines are available in Britain through the retailer's cabinet because there is no real demand yet for a wider range. Aristide Paggi, the chef who supervises both the experimental and the mass-production cooking departments, says that most *haute cuisine* recipes lend themselves to quick-freezing. But the demand for the more elaborate frozen meals comes mainly from air-line and shipping companies, and caterers with contracts for big banquets.

Lowenthal's claim, "Frozen food is eternal," has helped him to preach a catering revolution so quietly that most consumers are still unaware of it. "Almost every adult in Britain today has eaten a frozen ready-cooked meal at some time or other without being told about it."

Seaside hotels all over the country stock frozen meals to supplement their regular fare, and claim that they are economical during peak business because they reduce labour problems in the kitchen. One hotel owner, who runs the dining-room almost entirely from the deep freeze cabinet, declared a profit for the first time in three years, a fact he attributes wholly to packaged meals.

"My customers can't tell the difference," he says. "If they compliment me on the food, why should I tell them it is frozen?"

The question frames Lowenthal's dilemma. Most people, he says, believe that a ready-cooked meal from the freezing cabinet is bound to be inferior to a dish that comes fresh from the family kitchen.

"There are variable factors," he says, "skill in cooking, seasonal differences in food quality and variations in recipes, timing and serving, that make comparisons invalid. But if these factors could be made equal in an experiment between a housewife and a frozen food chef, there is no reason why the chef's frozen meal should not taste as good as the housewife's."

THERE is a fractional loss in vitamin value, according to a spokesman for the British Medical Association. But vitamin C, for example, is preserved by freezing, whereas it is often lost in the move from kitchen to dining-room at home.

For many years the B.M.A. has been investigating the quality of frozen meals. A constantly maintained low temperature is discovered to be the important factor. If a meal is kept at minus 40 deg. and then heated rapidly without being allowed to thaw out at room temperature, it is less susceptible to food germs, and more likely to be hygienic than food prepared from raw ingredients that are several days old as a result of complex marketing.

Unless the packaged meal is maintained at a constant low temperature, however, and if slow, detrimental thawing is allowed, there is a high loss of nutritional value.

The average ready-cooked meal, complete with soup, meat and vegetables, and a sweet, costs approximately 2s. 11d. The more expensive meals, such as are served in aircraft, range from 3s. to 9s.

When airlines use frozen foods, supplies for

Continued on page 54

ELEPHANT RIVER

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

Here was the setting for a savage struggle. Lifelong foes had met, face to face

It so happened that Budhoo and Kala Sanp were born on the same day in the jungle. Budhoo was a gold-washer, and Kala Sanp was a wild elephant. They never knew that they were the same age to the very hour, but their lives twined like convolvulus. For they grew up together in the foothill jungle of the Himalayas by the Rupee River, and threatened each other's lives.

The first time they met, they were still both children. Budhoo saw something waving above the grass. He thought at first that it was a snake, but it was the trunk of a little elephant, very black.

The grass here was not much taller than the boy Budhoo himself, so that the elephant which was concealed in it must be quite a small one. Why not catch it?

Budhoo knew enough to look round first for the mother, but she was nowhere to be seen. An elephant is never still and seldom silent, and he could not even hear her. It did not occur to him that she was just the other side of a nearby bamboo clump, and silent because it was a moment of intent listening for danger.

There was practically no breeze at all, the air held in hot pockets in the glades, but he took care not to let the calf get his wind as he moved up towards him on silent bare feet. Then, there in the grass before him, stood the animal whom Budhoo ever afterwards called the Black Snake.

Even as a baby, Kala Sanp was dark. Also he was handsome. There was still hair on him, perhaps from mammoth forebears, and he had not yet grown his tusks, but here already was a wild king—the son of splendid forefathers whose dynasty goes back into the beginning of the world.

Budhoo had really no idea what to do, but he jumped at the baby in order to get his arms around his neck. It seemed in prospect an easy thing to do. . . .

It was not. In a second he was in titanic struggle with the small, hot elephant hugged in his arms. The calf gave a piercing squeal, and rough skin scraped him.

Then, as Kala Sanp was already stronger than the boy, he knocked Budhoo over quite easily and bolted. Budhoo had a glimpse of a little fat frightened

Budhoo was not fast enough. The enraged elephant reached up, seized an end of his *dhoti* and ripped it off

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backside disappearing into the grass, as he himself somersaulted over and up.

Next moment came a threatening blast, and Mother appeared round the bamboo clump with her ears back and her trunk curled up. Budhoo fled.

When he'd got his breath back, he sat and laughed and slapped his thigh. Ah well, he'd know that pair if ever he saw them again, the mother so old and pale, and the baby so black. He'd know enough to keep out of their way too. . . .

And from time to time he did see them, for it sometimes happens that a man and a wild animal meet and meet, friendship and feud running side by side until the final encounter.

Budhoo often saw this pair in the jungle. He got to know their favourite pools and dusting grounds. He learned the smell of elephant—a sort of crushed-vegetable-and-mud smell. He watched the mother teach her son the uses of mud and bamboo, and the avoidance of man. He even found himself specially looking out for them, as if the calf was in some way his own, and he anxious to see how the little animal got along.

The mother was his main means of recognizing the pair, because she was so noticeably old. He could see by her colour and by her ragged ears how ancient she was, and after a time she disappeared.

One early morning when the young man went down at dawn to begin the day's work of washing gravel in the river bed, and found Kala Sanp there in one of the pools, slushing about and destroying the different heaps of washed and unwashed sand which had taken all yesterday to separate, he gave a great shout of fury and ran at the young tusker and hurled his axe at him.

Kala Sanp made for the jungle as fast as he could, and the axe caught him on a hind foot, severing a toe-nail. The elephant bellowed with pain and swung back as if to attack his attacker; but Budhoo himself was so angry he did not turn and run but advanced shouting.

They pulled up and glared at each other. Then Kala Sanp snorted and plunged off into the scrub jungle.

Budhoo picked up his axe. The blade was crimson. Uttering imprecations, he cleaned it in the sand, and then surveyed the damage to their work. All yesterday he and his father and brothers and uncles and cousins had laboured here to get out as much gold as possible in these last few days before the monsoon broke, and now look at the mess!

These people were poor. Although they dealt in gold, the deposit was sparse. Each day they washed mountains of gravel and extracted a few flecks which they amalgamated with mercury into a thing the size of a marigold seed.

It was because of the gold that this jungle stream was called the River of Rupees. It twinkled out of Himalayan foothills, bringing with it a little precious powder among its sand and gravel.

From forgotten times, Budhoo's people—a tribe of hereditary gold-washers—had come to it every year in the dry season to wash the pin-head flecks of gold out of its tremendous sands. They went away each year when monsoon and malaria made the place uninhabitable. Then the skies opened, the jungle steamed, and all the broad beaches of the river turned to quicksand.

Especially the Pool of Elephants. Deep in its peaceful waters, under the real-gold sand, lay bones of elephants from prehistoric times. Some of these animals, in the course of nature, came to die there, the old and sick who would make for water. But others, it was said, had been caught in the changing sands, and drowned.

"Why did she not die before she gave birth to that son of a pig?" cried Budhoo bitterly to his family when they joined him for work. "Look what the *shaitan* has done."

They set to work to make good the damage.

It was Budhoo's task, with the other youths, to shovel up the rough gravel on to the bamboo sieves over the troughs. Others cast water on to it, so that the small stuff was washed out of the stones which were thrown away. All day long they worked to the sound of slushed water and shovelled gravel, until they were down to a drift of sand in a wooden plate.

Then Budhoo's father carefully let the water run from it, and when the platter held only a few sparkles of gold, he drew from his *dhoti* the valuable phial of mercury and let one gob of it run like an insect among the gold, picking it all up. He pinched the blob to get back some of the mercury, which he returned to the phial. The gold was secured in a leaf to be taken home. . . .

BUDHOO'S father looked at the sky and the river. "We have not many days left," he said. "There has already been rain in the hills."

Budhoo walked towards the Elephant Pool to assess the level.

"Be careful!" his father shouted.

"I know, I know," the young man called back.

This loose dry sand had for months been pitted all over with deer slots, new and old, and on top went the pugs of tiger and panther. But now, if he listened, Budhoo could hear the sand singing as the water came up from underneath.

He noticed the tracks of Kala Sanp, with one hind toe-nail missing, going towards the pool and back. The tracks were not more than twenty-four hours old, yet when he himself put one bare brown foot into the circle of Kala Sanp's known print, he drew back, for the sand which yesterday had supported elephant was no longer strong enough for man.

Budhoo's tribe left their village of grass-and-bamboo huts which they had built a few months ago. Rain and elephants beat it back into the earth so that in a few weeks it was completely gone, and the jungle took back what it had given.

After the rains, the gold-washers came back and rebuilt the village in a few days, and began work again on the new deposits of sand. They toiled away all day in the broiling winter sun, they wore nothing but *pugree* and *dhoti*, and sweat oiled their beautiful dark skins. . . .

Budhoo had a wife now, and presently he had a son. And that winter his father died, so that he became the head of his tribe. He had charge of the phial of mercury, and ordered the work.

That winter also Kala Sanp became king among his elephants. There were about a dozen in the herd of all ages, and the Black Lord arrived with them sometimes to bathe in the Pool of Elephants, and also occasionally to feed on the few poor crops which the gold-washers tried to wrest from the wilderness.

When Budhoo surveyed the wreck of his small patch of sugarcane, a fresh rage would take hold of him. Once more at his feet lay the ruin of his work. Smashed canes were everywhere, and yellow droppings, and round prints of great feet. One with a toe-nail missing. . . .

He cast round in his mind what to do to the monster. It was useless to appeal to the Forest Department for someone to come and shoot Kala Sanp. Since the time of Budhoo's great-grandfather the shooting of wild elephants had been controlled. If this one had been a known rogue who attacked human beings for pleasure, it might have been possible to get permission to destroy him. Otherwise not.

Then Budhoo met Kala Sanp at a time when the elephant was *musth*. The man did not of course realize at first that the tusker was in one of these periods of temporary insanity, or he

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"I hate to kill it until I'm sure it's a weed"

would never have approached him, no matter how much he might be tempted by his begrudging admiration of the great beast to creep up and look.

All he heard was the crack of saplings and bamboo clumps being pushed over, so he imagined that the herd was ahead there in the jungle, feeding in their usual wasteful way, and he saw the familiar track. Something about Kala Sanp always fascinated Budhoo, and now he approached, not particularly carefully but at any rate up-wind.

Soon he realized that it was a single animal ahead of him. Bulls often feed alone, and Budhoo decided to have a look before retreating.

When he passed a wrecked *rohini* tree, he ought to have known not to go any farther, because elephants never eat *rohini*. Had Kala Sanp been stripping off *sal* bark, Budhoo might have taken it that the tusker was simply helping himself to a dose of medicine. No. The elephant was smashing the jungle for want of something better on which to vent his seasonal wrath.

Something pulled Budhoo to come and look, and a majestic sight met his eyes. There again was his wild companion.

THE great tusker was standing the other side of a glade, in shadow, with sunlight on the huge curves of ivory, and these were wreathed with creeper—leaf and flower as he had torn them down. He was more than ten feet high, and black as basalt—a last living king of the jungle as it used to be when the forest was free for the lords of creation from Himalaya to Travancore.

Budhoo saw instantly that the bull was *musth*. There was an intangible something of anger and destruction. Budhoo was jungle-born and he could feel it.

A veil of leaves hung between him and the tusker, so he withdrew on tiptoe. He had retreated perhaps twenty paces like this when some back current of air among the trees took his scent to Kala Sanp.

The bull started and swung around. He struck his trunk on the ground to warn other elephants that there was something wrong. The sound rang out sharp and clear. Then his ears went back and his trunk began to curl. He lifted one foot, and next moment broke into a charge.

Budhoo was already in full flight. On open land he could have out-distanced his pursuer, but this was jungle. The only hope was to climb.

He shot up a tree. Budhoo could climb fast, but not quite fast enough. The enraged elephant reached up after him, seized an end of *dhoti* and ripped the loin-cloth off. He tore it to ribbons.

Then he put his massive forehead to the trunk, and pressed with all his strength.

It felt as if the Himalayas were leaning against the tree. Budhoo heard it crack at the roots, and he thought the end was come.

But it held. It was stout, and even Kala Sanp could not quite finish pushing it over. He remained below all day though, waiting for his victim to come down; but in the evening he went away, and Budhoo was able to descend.

He used his *pugree* for clothing, and went straight to the Forest Guard.

"The *shaitan* must be shot," cried Budhoo passionately.

"Elephants are protected animals," replied the Forest Guard.

"But this one is a rogue."

Sometimes it is possible to get permission to shoot an innocent or *musth* elephant by making him out to be a rogue.

But not this time. Kala Sanp was well known to the Forest Department for a very fine bull, and new ideas of preservation were abroad. If Budhoo had been able to bribe the Forest Guard and Ranger he might have got a different report sent in, but he was not in a position to do so, and the answer came back: No.

And presently Kala Sanp ceased to be *musth*. His flanks, which had become lean, fattened out. He returned to normal. When he and Budhoo met in the forest, as they did sometimes, they recognized each other with guarded respect and hostility, and went on their way.

So another season passed. Rain clouds were rolling up again over the continent from the oceans to the Himalayas, to meet the great ice peaks and drop their tons of water.

The Rupee River, with all the others, was rising; and Budhoo, the head of his tribe, who led his little band of human beings against the strength of the jungle—man against the forest, as it was in the beginning—came down once more to the shores of the river to see if they could take any more gold, or if it was time to go.

It was time to go. The pools whirled, the sand spoke.

Budhoo turned away. As he did so he heard a peculiar noise upstream, and went to see. When he rounded the curve he stopped dead. Kala Sanp was

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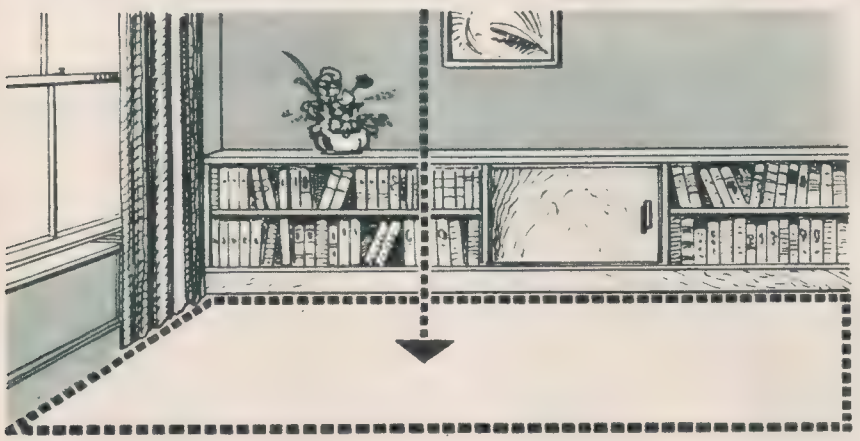

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in the river, and he was caught in quicksand.

The elephant must have been wanting water badly, and had no doubt hurried on to known beaches without first testing them. There he was, with the sand and thin ripples almost up to his belly. There he was, the Black King, and Budhoo looked upon him, his life-long enemy at his mercy.

What price now the Forest Guard or Ranger? There the *shaitan* was, in the sucking sands, and there he would die, and his bones join the bones of mastodons down below.

BLACK and white among the golden sands, the doomed monarch struggled and groaned. Budhoo watched him. He stared and stared while something very strange happened inside him. Afterwards he never knew why he acted as he did; and he never told anyone what happened next, because he was ashamed of himself; but suddenly he snatched out his axe, fell upon a nearby sapling and sliced it at a stroke.

Another and another. He threw them towards the elephant. He ran out upon the quivering sand himself to get them within range, until several poles lay beside the desperate animal, who at first wrenched away from this human being, but was held and forced to stay and so saw his chance. When Budhoo went back for more, the elephant seized the saplings, and heaved out one front leg on to them, there to find a foothold, the first.

Budhoo hacked and hacked, not caring what he might be fined for cutting young trees, and he threw or carried them to the elephant. There were moments when the demented animal, in his natural reaction to man, ploughed away from him and seemed as if he must plunge only deeper into the morass and be lost. But in the end he got both his front feet on to the raft of saplings.

He put forth all his strength. With a bang the sand let go, and the great elephant, mired to the shoulder, walked out on to safe beaches. And there suddenly he stopped and began to tremble uncontrollably. Bright water trickled down his shaking skin.

Budhoo did not move either. His hands were hard, yet now he was amazed to see that they were bleeding.

For a moment Kala Sanp's trunk came out towards him. What thoughts moved in that great head? No man can tell. Nor in that wild heart.

Then the animal turned and walked slowly away into the jungle. Budhoo leaned panting on his axe and watched him go. THE END

Cloudburst

Continued from page 31

from the same cloth as he, no doubt of it, but the brown eyes held a shadow of fright that belied the set of her lips. I was going to say: "He'll think of one; don't worry," but held my tongue. The boy would find out soon enough.

He did. It was little things at first; a broken fence, goats in his young rubber trees, here and there a coffee bush wantonly pulled up. Hardly a day passed without something. But there were bigger blows to come, and Tommy knew it. He doubled his vigilance and held his tongue.

Florence suffered more. Her cook had left. She had to do her own bargaining in the open-air village market place. It must have tickled Octave Pinard to watch her from his veranda as she endured the hostility of the market women and paid the outlandish prices they demanded. . . .

"Andy, can you come up to dinner this evening and bring Gustaf?" Tommy asked me one afternoon at the still. "I've something to discuss."

It was a dreary meal, and Florence was too sensible a girl to play the cheerful hostess. She had lost weight. There were pools of shadow under her fine brown eyes. When we reached the coffee and Tommy began talking, her gaze never left his face.

HE said, grimly: "I've got to have some workers, and short of bringing them in from outside, which would mean providing a place for them to live, there's only one solution. You remember when I came here there were four families of squatters on the place?"

We nodded.

"I let them stay and planted around them, you recall. Well, last week when I asked if they'd work for me, they gave me a lot of excuses. Tomorrow I'm going to hand them an ultimatum: either work or get off the land."

"I'm not sure of the law in such a case," Gustaf said warily.

"The land is mine isn't it?"

"Of course. But Octave Pinard is the magistrate here. I'd see a lawyer first."

Tommy shook his head. "You two amaze me. I swear you're afraid to raise your voices above a whisper without. . . ." He looked at his wife and subsided.

Later that evening I walked down the ridge with him to see the river, dangerously swollen by the heavy rains

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we'd had. The roar of that dark water rushing through the valley was a frightening thing, but a voice inside me was louder, and so I said what had to be said: "Is it going to be worth the cost, Tommy lad?"

"What do you mean?"

"All you can see right now is this feud with Octave. What's happening under your own roof may be more important. Your wife is having no easy time."

"There's nothing wrong with Florence," he said. "You're imagining things."

"I'm remembering how your mother came to hate this place. How she walked out on your father. Your dad suffered from more than a bad heart those months after she left him, Tommy. He was a lonely man."

Still gazing at the river, he said, with a shrug: "My mother didn't hate Port Marie. She loved it here."

"She told you that?"

But he wouldn't let me dig deeper. "Let's go back to the house," he said, turning away. "Talk won't help."

The following day he delivered his ultimatum to the peasants living on his land, and ordered them to clear out when they refused to work for him. They went without argument, but Gustaf and I guessed what was coming.

We were right. Within twenty-four hours he was handed a bill for 3,200 dollars—eight hundred dollars for each of the four thatch-roofed shacks. The bill was delivered by Octave Pinard's messenger. The peasants had retained Octave to represent them.

"Get yourself a lawyer in the capital, lad," Gustaf advised sadly. "It's your only chance."

White with anger, Tommy climbed into his truck. He was gone four days. On his return he was gaunt and weary, but the pick-up was loaded with husky, tough-looking peasants.

"The law is on Pinard's side," he admitted bitterly. "I can evict squatters but I've got to pay for any improvements they've left on the property—meaning their houses. However, the houses are mine now, and I've brought workers from Rafael to live in them."

"Those shacks aren't worth any eight hundred apiece," I said aghast.

"My lawyer is sending Pinard a check for a thousand. They can settle the thing between them. Meanwhile, I've got work to do."

He put his men to work building a dyke to protect his nurseries from the river. How deep the thousand dollars bit into his reserve he didn't say, but if he could afford it he had apparently won the second round.

Apparently. . . .

The rains continued, heavier than we'd had in years. November to February is our rainy season, you understand, but we expect an hour or two a day, not all-day downpours. The river gnawed at its banks and stained the sea red with its burden of stolen earth. We watched it and worried.

Then one night the drums began to sound. Gustaf and I, playing chess on his veranda, looked at each other. "I suppose it would do no good to warn him," Gustaf said. "Even if he stood guard with a shotgun, they'd find some way to slip past him in the dark."

"I suppose so."

"Besides, there'll be other nights. He can't go on for ever without sleep."

In the morning the squatters' huts were empty, the workers gone. When Gustaf and I arrived on the scene, Tommy was standing in one of the doorways with a bundle of twigs and chicken feathers in his hand.

"This is voodoo?" he asked.

I nodded. "You can hire other workers, but it's going to keep on happening. Drums in the night, a *ouanga* on the doorstep in the morning, and you start all over again. Pinard will go to even greater lengths if you force him to. There'll be one of those things on your own doorstep. Then no one will come near you."

Tommy tore the charm to pieces. "He's defeating his own purpose, isn't he? If I'm forced to get out, how can he go on squeezing me?"

"He isn't squeezing you," said Gustaf grimly. "You've declared war, lad. He's out to smash you."

Tommy walked away without a word.

Shaking our heads, we went on home. On the way we saw the pick-up rattling down the road towards the village, with Florence Haskell at the wheel. . . .

The Lord, Gustaf says, looks after those who haven't the sense to know when they're beaten. Perhaps so. The Lord sent the big rain that day, to be sure. But it was only Octave Pinard who inspired the woman in the market place to behave as she did.

The incident began with an argument over the price of breadfruit, the woman demanding an outrageous fifty cents each. Florence Haskell refused to pay it. The woman hurled insults and Florence silently stared her down, then turned, and with head high walked back to the truck.

The market woman picked up a stone.

Octave Pinard, standing on his veranda, could have stopped it by lifting a hand. He didn't. The stone crashed into the windshield just as Florence swung the pick-up door shut. Glass exploded in her face.

With her temple and cheek bleeding she drove home, got out of the truck, and walked into the house. Tommy found her slumped in a chair, gazing blankly into space.

While he dressed her wounds, she told him what had happened.

"Pinard could have stopped it," she said.

Tommy said: "You stay here, Florence. I'll be back."

He drove to the village.

It was ten thirty in the morning. The rain hadn't reached Port Marie at that time. The sky above the upper valley was black and the river's ominous roar was audible—Tommy himself noticed it—but the village buzzed with excitement over what had happened in the market place. The only sound to which the people paid heed was the snarl of the pick-up as Tommy sent it careering down the street to Pinard's house.

Pinard was on his veranda.

Tommy flung open the downstairs door and stormed up the stairs, burst through the sitting-room and strode out on to the gallery. Pinard had not moved except to put his back against the railing and draw a revolver. The whole village watched as Tommy walked towards him.

"I give you fair warning!" Pinard shouted. "I intend to defend myself."

"There aren't enough bullets in your gun," Tommy said.

No one will ever know what might have happened. Pinard was no coward; he would have pulled the trigger. Still, he was shaking with emotion and might have missed.

He wasn't put to the test. Half way to him Tommy halted. That house was the tallest in town, the veranda high above the street. Tommy looked past the muzzle of the revolver and saw what the people below couldn't see and Pinard had not noticed.

For a second or two Tommy stood rigid. Then he lurched to the veranda rail and waved his arms. "The river's coming!" he shouted. "Get out of town! Head for the ridge!"

They gazed up at him in amazement, then heard the rumble of the advancing flood and knew what he meant. In an instant the village was pandemonium.

Tommy slid down one of the painted posts that supported the veranda. He landed in a heap on the pavement, scrambled to his feet, and ran to his truck. The first person he scooped up was an old woman standing paralysed with fright in the middle of the street.

He gathered up a score of others, then sent the truck lurching down the road. The people of Port Marie raced through gardens and cane fields in their frantic efforts to reach high ground. But with his truckload of wailing passengers Tommy had to stay on the highway.

It was a monstrous thing, that flood. In the upper valley there'd been a cloudburst, following days of hard rain. The river there descended through ravines which had bottled up its fury. But on the outskirts of the village the land levelled, and the

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 40

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

JEALOUSY—2

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship; and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives if they can.

C. C. Colton

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waters boiled over the weakened banks in a thundering brown sea.

Peasant huts crumbled like structures of paper before the onslaught. Sugar cane six feet tall was submerged in an instant. The rum shop on the ground floor of Octave Pinard's big house was swept away, and his veranda, shorn of support, rode off like a raft. Port Marie in the wink of an eye was a storm-lashed ocean filled with death and debris.

The flood swept down the road and the laden pick-up risked destruction at every turn in its race for high ground.

Tommy reached the ridge turn-off just in time, and began climbing. Even then, had the ascent been more gradual, the waters would have sucked him back. . . .

Florence came running from the house and clung to his hand when he stepped down. The natives looked at her face and fell silent. When Tommy ordered them out of the truck they obeyed, lowering their eyes like naughty children.

"Come into the house," he told them.

In that shattering downpour even a hardened country peasant had to have shelter of some kind, and the big stone house was soon crowded. By twos and threes the villagers straggled in, frightened, half-drowned, some scarcely able to walk. Florence gave them coffee and did her best to calm them. Some had fallen and hurt themselves. She and Tommy looked after them.

At this point Gustaf and I walked in. I had been at home when the flood came down the valley on its way to the sea. From my veranda I watched the main road go out, and thought the water would reach the house. Alarmed, I stumbled up the ridge to Gustaf's; then he and I together climbed through the storm to Tommy's, thinking it best for all of us to be together at such a time. We knew nothing of Tommy's visit to the village.

In astonishment we gazed at the gathering. Florence, on her knees, examined a child's gashed leg. Tommy tore a sheet into strips of bandage. People watched and whispered.

Then there came a pounding louder than the deluge, and when the door was opened by someone standing near it, Octave Pinard stepped in.

Apart from the sound of the rain, that room was graveyard-quiet as Tommy Haskell turned to face the man. "So you came," Tommy said.

Pinard pushed the door shut. His glare was pure defiance.

"Where else could I go?" Head high, he returned Tommy's stare without flinching.

Tommy crossed the room and halted before him. "You've lost your gun, I see."

Pinard shrugged.

"So we're even," Tommy said. "And we've an audience of your townspeople, who've been taught to jump every time you give a command. I'll allow you to stay on one condition: this time you fight with your hands."

"No!" Pinard said.

"Then get out."

"I am the magistrate here. I cannot be ordered——"

"You're an intruder in my house," Tommy said, "and I'm ordering you to leave. Are you going or not?"

"I refuse. . . ."

"Then I'm going to throw you out, Pinard, with the law on my side. Like this."

The people gasped. In Port Marie, you understand, Octave Pinard's word was law. He had the power to crush every man, woman, and child in that room, and they knew him to be a ruthless man. And now Tommy Haskell's open hand had cracked like a whip against his face, and the two of them were at it with clenched fists.

Between blows, Tommy found the time and breath for words.

"This is something that should have been done years ago, by my father," Tommy said, "only he hadn't the courage of his convictions." *Crack!*—and Octave's mouth spat a stream of crimson. "My mother begged him to face realities, Pinard, but he wouldn't. And so your father ruined him." *Smack!*—and Pinard reeled against the door, pawing for balance.

"You're a stupid man, Pinard," Tommy said. "For a few dirty dollars you've cheated your people out of prosperity."

His fists followed the magistrate along the wall. "You've fattened yourself like a pig, leaving them hungry and destitute. They know it and they hate you for it. But they're afraid of you. Do you think that I'm afraid of you, Pinard?"

Pinard tried to cover his face with his hands.

Tommy said: "Do you know what my mother saw here? She saw a prosperous plantation with work for everyone. She saw decent roads, a school in the village, electricity from the river, even a hospital. You think I exaggerate? She believed in it so fanatically that when my father wouldn't fight for it she left him—left him and went to work, teaching, saving her money in the belief that he would find the courage to stand up to Pradon Pinard and that she would come back and help him.

"But my father died, so I am the one to come back here and do the job he failed to do. And you think you can stop me?"

The magistrate of Port Marie, shuddering, looked into Tommy Haskell's face—and saw there what we all saw. Dazed he shook his head. "No."

"No," Tommy said. "And if you have any sense you'll stop trying, before these good people wake up and finish what I've started. Sit down, Pinard."

Pinard slumped on to a chair that someone pushed towards him.

"My wife forgives you," Tommy said, reaching out to clasp the hand of the girl who had come across the room to stand beside him. "She asks no apology for the stone-throwing. But these people here—the ones you've cheated—for your own sake, Pinard, you'd better ask their forgiveness."

Pinard gazed about the room and found a sea of hostile eyes watching him. He licked his lips and mumbled something. After a moment of silence the room filled with talk, but no one answered him. He was ignored. He was nobody.

Tommy Haskell turned to his wife. "Give him a cup of coffee, Florence. He's our guest."

All that day it rained, and all night. But in the morning the sun blazed out again and the people of Port Marie trooped down the ridge to the village, to begin building a new life. Tommy and Florence Haskell went with them, and so did Gustaf and I, who had lost the work of years but now had plans for better things.

Soon all over the valley you could hear the sound of hammering. And Octave Pinard, in his shirt sleeves, hammered with the rest. THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 38

Under the Public Libraries Acts of 1892 and 1901, library authorities have the legal right to pass many and varied by-laws. But, says a barrister-at-law, by a little-known oversight, library authorities do not have the specific power to claim fines from people returning overdue books.

The silent partner

Continued from page 23

plane, but the mechanics said it would be another hour yet. On the way back I saw Dawson crossing the tarmac with his limping walk. I stopped him.

"Walk with me as far as the end of the runway," I said. "There's something I want to ask you. Frank, when was the last time you saw Lynn?"

He cocked his head, bright-eyed, sardonic, narrow lipped. "Lynn? I don't remember. Ages. Why?"

"We've broken up. Did you know?"

Rather surprisingly he flushed. "When?"

"A few weeks ago. Can you remember when you last saw her?"

"What's gone wrong between you?"

"When did you last see her?"

". . . Oh, it would be February, I suppose, that time she came down to the works just after we'd moved. I don't get the chance now of dropping round for a drink the way I did in London. I miss that, you know."

"I had to go through some of her things on Thursday night and found this." I took out the scribbled message and handed it to him. I knew it already by heart, and watched him frowning at it as if the writing was too small for him to read. We had stopped, and the afternoon sun coming suddenly through the clouds fell on us like a Klieg light.

He said: "This was written ages ago."

"When?"

"I can't remember. Last year." He handed the paper impatiently back.

"The ink doesn't look old to me."

"What are you getting at?"

"Only the truth!"

He turned his frown on me, his eyes

JEALOUSY—3

Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo.

H. G. Wells

black in the sun. "Look, Mike, you're on the wrong station. I'm not used to being called a liar."

"This note has been written since February. It was in the pocket of a frock she didn't even have then. How often have you been seeing Lynn?"

He began moving again. "Why the hell shouldn't I see her? We were friends at one time before you made this move—remember? Or has that conveniently escaped your notice since you became so much the boss?"

I said angrily: "You damned fool, I had to make the move when I did—we were dying of strangulation in the old works—you know it as well as I do!. And where you're concerned there's never been any more question here than at the other place of my being boss. As for friendship, I thought you were my friend as well as Lynn's!"

We came to the end of the tarmac and after a few seconds turned back. I said: "When did you write this note?"

"Four or five weeks ago. Some time in early July.'

"Have you been Lynn's lover?"

That stopped him again. He looked at me with contempt and then gave a short laugh. "You're a little out of your mind this afternoon."

"That may be."

"The answer's no. I haven't been Lynn's lover. But if you want the bare offensive truth, I gladly will be any time she gives me the opportunity!"

"She's not likely to, now," I said.

"She never was likely to. More's the pity."

"Why did you send this note?"

"She wrote and asked me to meet her in Letherton. I did. I met her several times. Any objections?"

"Why particularly did she want to see you then?"

He took out a packet of cigarettes

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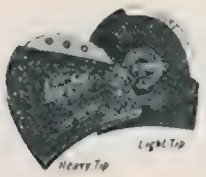

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but it was empty. I offered him one of mine but he shook his head and fished a half-smoked cigarette out of a matchbox.

"Was it to discuss my awful behaviour?" I said.

"You admit it's been bad, then."

"She'd reason to feel neglected, certainly."

He lit a match and put it to the tattered end of the cigarette. The loose edges of the paper flickered into flame before the tobacco caught. He flipped the match away.

"Did she tell you I was having an affair with Stella Curtis?"

"There's not much point in being coy about it, is there?"

"Do you think it's true?"

"Well . . . pardon my disbelief. . . ."

I put my hand on his coat. "Did you think so before Lynn told you?"

He frowned again. "I think so now."

"*What* did Lynn tell you, Frank? Did she go into any sort of detail? It's vitally important I should know."

He shrugged. "Oh, what's the good of this? If you feel happier denying it all. . . ."

"So far you've given me nothing specific to deny."

"Oh, I can't remember what she told me. Anyway, she no doubt had it all out with you before she left. Personally it's none of my business, but I didn't think it very pretty taking the Curtis girl back to Greencroft when Lynn was out and playing ducks and drakes with her in your own home."

"It might not have been pretty if it had ever happened."

He hesitated and chewed the cigarette. "And did Mrs. Thing, your housekeeper, imagine what she saw?"

"Mrs. Lloyd? What did she see?"

"Look, I'm not briefed for either of you——"

"Frank!"

After a minute he said: "According to Lynn, so far as I can remember, you arrived at Greencroft with Stella Curtis one lunchtime—were annoyed to find Mrs. Lloyd still there and sent her packing. So Mrs. Lloyd being quizzy tiptoed back ten minutes later and looked in at the french windows and saw you'd got the girl on the settee. If it——"

"Just a minute!" I'd taken out a cigarette of my own but had waited to light it. Now I lit it. I was surprised to see the flame of the lighter wobbling. "Dear Mrs. Lloyd! So that's what she thought."

"That's what she thought."

"I remember the time she means. I'd brought Stella back to the house from Harwell, to pick up your IDA plans. When she got in the house she nearly fainted and had to lie down. I remember bending over her to give her a glass of brandy, and I believe I lifted her legs on to the settee. I suppose Mrs. Lloyd chose that moment to look in. It's surprising what a little imagination can do. Anything else?"

THERE was silence. Dawson said uncomfortably: "What about the time when you conveniently got fogged up and spent the night at Brecon?"

"Lynn left me before that happened. I want to know what else *she* told you."

"Oh, that you were with the Curtis girl all the time, that you were out at nights with her and cared nothing for your wife any more."

I said: "Was she asking your help in some way?"

His face flushed again. "Yes."

"And you helped her?"

"If it's of any interest, no. She's had no direct evidence from me."

"Could she have had any?"

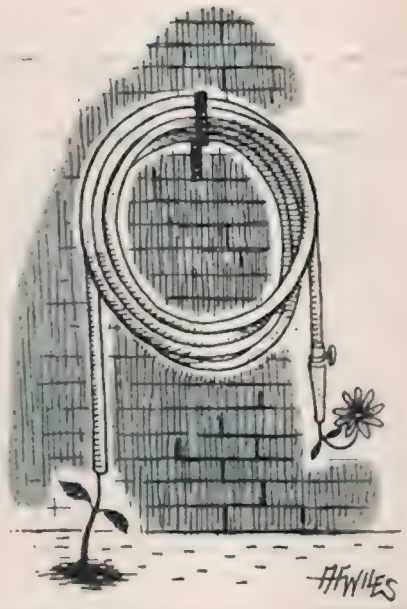
"I don't know. You were always with Stella Curtis, weren't you? But spying isn't my line. When a fat little pus-head of a private detective came snooping round I told him to clear out."

"Thank you at least for that."

"Thank me for nothing! Now have you finished?"

"Did you tell Lynn you weren't prepared to help her?"

"Yes, eventually. She didn't like it much, and that's the last time I saw her."



We'd been walking slowly back towards the buildings and now were less than fifty yards away. Thurston and Holborn had come out and were walking towards us.

I said: "Did it occur to you, Frank, that Lynn might really be in love with somebody else and be trying to collect false evidence against me so that she could get her divorce the right way round?"

"No," he said. "I happen to be her friend as well as yours. . . ."

The plane wasn't ready until seven. I went up in her first for a trial run, and then Holborn went off with Rhodes. I knew that on his report depended whether they should use our equipment or his. On it, too, might depend the future development of the factory, possibly even its survival.

ABOUT eight Dr. Benson took me aside. He said: "Always supposing that Holborn's report is not unfavourable, Mr. Granville; always supposing we decide to go ahead and ship your equipment as fitted for use at once in the desert—is there any chance at all that you would be able to go with it?"

I stared at him. "With it? D'you mean to operate it?"

"Yes. I've been talking the matter over with Porter." He was the man from the Foreign Office. . . . "He feels very strongly that we can't afford any slip-up in operation, and that it would be of immense benefit if someone was there who understood it thoroughly in case of a breakdown. No one knows an instrument like its maker."

"Thank you, Dr. Benson. Unfortunately I have a factory."

"And no one who could deputize?"

"I'm afraid not."

"It would be interesting work, and would be completed in a few months. It might even be dangerous."

"Do you tell me that as an inducement?"

He smiled. "On the whole I thought you would have found it so."

I said: "I have—other problems as well."

"It's a pity, because if the decision is a narrow one, the question of operator might influence us in making it. One hesitates sometimes over the unproven instrument, however promising it may seem in trials."

"I'm sorry." I stared out of the window at the blue of the evening sky over the hills. "Anyway, Holborn's report may be highly unfavourable."

At that moment Thurston came along the corridor. "Oh, you're wanted on the phone, Granville. Somebody in London."

"In London? Who is it?"

"It's a man. I think he said Heppelwhite. Simon Heppelwhite."

It was an ordinary phone booth, a relic of the aerodrome days. I squeezed in and shut the door. "Hallo?"

"Hallo. Michael?"

"Yes?"

"Oh, this is Simon."

"Yes? Go on."

"I may say I'm sorry to trouble

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you, but it happens we have here a visitor who says he's a friend of yours. I'm personally not at all sure whether he's a brilliant man or a lunatic. He says he has your authority to inquire into Lynn's sex life. Why he should come to see me. . . ."

"What's his name?"

Simon lisped something but the phone crackled madly.

"What?" I shouted.

"Curtis. John Curtis."

"Where are you speaking from?"

"My place in London."

I stared at the phone. "But you can't be—Curtis is a sick man. He's been in bed off and on for weeks. How has it——?"

"Is that what's the matter? You do know him, then."

"I know him but I don't understand how he's got up to London. Is he a tall, thin man in his middle forties with very clear, rather deep-set brown eyes?"

"Yes, that's the fellow. It's not a mental thing he's had wrong with him, I hope?"

"Anything but. . . . What does he want?"

"He wants to know all I know about Lynn. He says he has your authority to ask these questions. I can't quite understand why he should come to me. You do happen to be her husband!"

I said: "He already knows all I can tell him."

"Well, what's it all about? Is he a private detective? I've never seen anyone less like one."

"He's just a friend, Simon."

"Helping you to collect evidence for a divorce?"

"No, not even that. I'm—very much with my head in a mouse-trap just at this moment, and anybody. . . . What does he want to know?"

"Details of her past life."

"Well, tell him anything you can. He won't put it to any ill use."

"Michael?"

"Yes?"

"The police were round yesterday asking about Lynn. Apparently she has taken it upon herself to disappear, not merely from you but from everybody."

"Yes."

"I don't think I should worry too much. Lynn has always had a flair for the dramatic. She'll very likely wait until it gets in the papers and then make a terrific reappearance somewhere."

I said: "That's highly probable."

"You speak feelingly, I'm afraid."

"Where is Curtis now?"

"In the next room."

"Has he got his wife with him?"

"No. I think he came by taxi."

"Well, if he's not careful he'll . . ." I stopped; a sudden thought had got itself into my mind. I tried to finish the sentence but couldn't.

"Hallo."

"Hallo. . . . Simon, will you give John Curtis a message for me?"

"Yes?"

"Tell him that nothing he does to help me—*nothing at all*—will justify him taking risks with his own life."

I banged the receiver down and came out. I was fogged and vexed and upset by John Curtis's move. There was no way he could help me by pestering my friends, nothing he could do that the police wouldn't do better; in fact it went dead counter to his own advice to me. I couldn't understand how Stella had allowed him to go, how he had got there. . . . I wished now I'd spoken to him direct. I wished very much that he hadn't gone.

Nothing that happened ever shaped towards understanding or relief. Frank Dawson had cleared up a few points of technical interest but had done nothing to help with the bigger things. John Curtis's rash, lunatic excursion couldn't help any more. It seemed to me it could have only one purpose. . . .

By now dusk was falling and the plane was not yet back. I went back into the phone booth and put through a call to Raglan Cottage. There was five minutes delay but I wouldn't ring off, and stood in the box trying to overcome the feeling of hopelessness that had got me round the throat.

As I waited I heard the drone of the plane, and then I saw Thurston and Dawson go along the corridor towards the outer door. Neither of them saw me. There was a pause and then Rhodes and Holborn came in, accompanied by the other two, Rhodes taking off his flying jacket and apparently doing most of the talking. I caught sight of Holborn's face and thought it looked more bony and taciturn than ever.

"The phone's been ringing," said the operator. "Just a minute, I'll try them on another line."

From where I was standing I could see the door of the room where we had our conference, and I saw Steel go in and then Benson, and finally Porter and his secretary. After a minute Frank Dawson came out and looked up and down: then he saw me and came across and opened the door of the booth.

"Holborn's back. They're all waiting for you."

"I know. Let them wait."

He shoved back his black hair. "Have it as you please. I thought you might be mildly interested."

"I'll be there in five minutes."

As the door of the booth shut I heard the operator give the number to the London exchange again. Dawson went limping angrily back. In a minute I heard the phone ringing in Raglan Cottage. It went patiently on, twenty-one times. Then the operator said: "I'm sorry, there's no reply."

"Thank you." I hung up and came out. It had been hot in the booth and short of air. I decided I was feeling a bit queer. Perhaps it was one thing on top of another. Perhaps it was because I'd only had six hours' sleep since I found Lynn.

I went to the room and lit a cigarette before I opened the door. Then I changed my mind and put the cigarette out.

They were all sitting round waiting for me, but they'd all been talking about it before I came in; I could see by their faces. I came to my seat at the table and sat in it. Holborn was playing with his pencil, Dr. Steel was polishing his glasses, Rhodes stroking the end of his moustache, the others were still.

I said: "I was afraid you wouldn't get back before dark."

Rhodes said: "We've got non-radioactive phosphors on the panel now. All modern conveniences, as it were."

Holborn glanced at Benson. Benson said: "Mr. Holborn was just about to give us his report, Mr. Granville."

I didn't speak. I just stared at nothing.

Holborn said: "I was explaining that 'report' was too imposing a word for anything I can say after only ninety minutes' flying. You need time and varied circumstances to be able to make a thorough test. But of course I can give you my impressions, and link them, as it were, with the reports of the tests you have made this week and which I've studied fairly carefully today."

He still didn't look up but began absently to draw figure eights on his pad. "My impression is that this survey instrument—in spite of its simplicity and to some extent because of it—is an advance on any other machine yet built. On its present showing and for its present purpose, I wouldn't alter it or add to it in any way. . . ."

I didn't go back to London that night. The meeting didn't break up until twenty-five to ten, and then it became a smaller party of Thurston, Holborn, Rhodes, Dawson and me. Porter and Benson and Steel all left, but the others were staying the night. I still felt under the weather and couldn't face the thought of a four- or five-hour drive back to Letherton through the night.

I knew that at some future time I should probably be happy about the results of today. I didn't regret having come and the personal risk of the further delay. There was a sort of dichotomy in my feelings at present that wouldn't let me have any satisfaction out of this result and yet didn't let me forget it.

I finally left Thurston and Holborn together talking like lovers—which they were, not of each other but of the things they were talking about. I borrowed an alarm clock and set it for five o'clock. The roads would be clear at six.

In bed I remember being very restless at first, trying to reason out how John had found the stamina to make a visit to London. I remember feeling certain there was something in what Simon had said to me that was pretty important and after a while my mind centred on that, turning over the conversation as often as I turned over in bed.

Then suddenly it was daylight and I sat up rather scared, thinking someone had switched on the light. I had slept through the alarm and it was ten minutes to seven.

I got up in a hurry, scraped some beard off with a borrowed razor and went hastily out to breakfast. There was only Frank Dawson at the table.

I sat down nearly opposite him and he looked at me, half sardonic, half hostile, hunched a shoulder and went on with his breakfast. The one orderly came out and served me and we ate in silence. Physically I was feeling better.

I said: "I'm sorry I can't take you back with me this morning, Frank. I've got to see a lawyer in London and I'm driving straight in."

"I can cadge a lift from one of the others," he said shortly.

Another silence fell. It was a fine morning but the sky had that brushed-over, unpromising look.

He said: "The scintillometer turned up trumps last night."

"So did Holborn. I was afraid he was going to crab it."

"He couldn't on its showing. Anyway, he's far too honest."

I looked at Dawson. "Yes. . . . I suppose I knew that all along, but my judgment has got pulled out of shape these last few days."

"Was that why you made such a wildcat attack on me?"

I said carefully: "They want a man to go out with the plane when it's shipped to Africa. They asked me but I can't go. I wondered if it would appeal to you."

He looked at me curiously, assessingly. After a minute he shook his head. "No, there's no point in me going. They want the brains out there or nothing."

"You know a lot more about it than most people."

He buttered a corner of toast and put it in his mouth. "But a lot less than you."

We didn't talk any more after that, but I finished quickly and went out to my car. None of the others seemed to be up yet. There was quite a strong wind blowing in from the west, and the Auster had been run into one of the old hangars.

I threw my mac into the back seat and then remembered the briefcase I'd brought, and went back to the bedroom for it. As I came out into the corridor Frank was standing there plucking at his lip. He glowered at me.

"Look, Mike, I don't think I've played quite fair with you. I didn't tell you the whole truth last night."

"About—Lynn?"

"About Lynn—and other things. You said did it seem to me that she might be in love with someone else and trying to collect evidence to use against you, and I said no. Well, that's true up to a point."

"Oh?"

He hesitated. "It's true up to about a month ago. But I happened to go into the Leather Jacket at Heaton Corner one Friday about seven and she was in there with a man. You don't need to have it down in black and white when she looked at him the way she did. They didn't see me so I got out fairly quick. . . ."

I said: "What was he like, this man?"

"Youngish, round face, looked as if

Continued on page 49

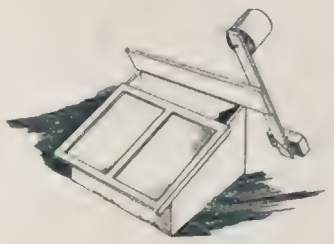
Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

ON some mornings it is too cold to open a garden frame before leaving for work, but later it may get quite hot inside the frame.

It is easy to make a device which will automatically open the frame. Take a plank five inches wide and to one end fix a cross-piece to form a T. Slide down the frame lid five inches, and hinge the plank over the gap, leaving the T end protruding a foot over the frame's side.

To one end of the T fix a two-pound syrup tin, and counterbalance it at the other end by a brick or weight. The tin is punctured with a tiny hole so that when filled with water it will empty slowly, and allow the frame to open.—*H. G. Mullens, Clonmore Street, London, S.W.*18.



When I have resown bare patches in my lawn, I cover them with grass mowings. This helps to camouflage the seed from birds and protect it from the sun.—*Miss M. F. Micklethwait, Orchard Close, St. Albans.*

PERCY THROWER says: The automatic device for opening a garden frame is a boon to anyone who has to be away from home during the day. Extreme variations in temperature are not good for plants, which can suffer badly if they are scorched by the sun. I wish someone could invent a similar device for greenhouses.

Miss Micklethwait's is an excellent idea for protecting grass seed. The lawn mowings should be removed as soon as the seedlings are coming through.

JOHN BULL *pays five guineas each for the best original, topical gardening hints sent to Percy Thrower,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.*

JEALOUSY—4

Jealousy is one of the consequences of love; you may like it or not, at pleasure; but there it is.

R. L. Stevenson

Comparisons prove-only Frigidaire

Frigidaire DT-44T, 4.4 cu. ft.,
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THE COLOUR YOU LIKE!

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CUTS CURRENT COSTS TO THE BONE!

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gives you so much value in every way!

THE SIZE YOU NEED IN A CHOICE OF COLOURS— FOR AS LITTLE AS 69 GNS!

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ST-43A	*(Standard 4.3 cu. ft.)*	69 gns.
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MT-44A	*(Master 4.4 cu. ft.)*	73 gns.
MT-44T	*(Master 4.4 cu. ft.)*	75 gns.*
DT-44A	*(De Luxe 4.4 cu. ft.)*	80 gns.
DT-44T	*(De Luxe 4.4 cu. ft.)*	82 gns.*
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Keeps butter creamery-fresh, has full-size plastic serving tray for even *more* convenience!

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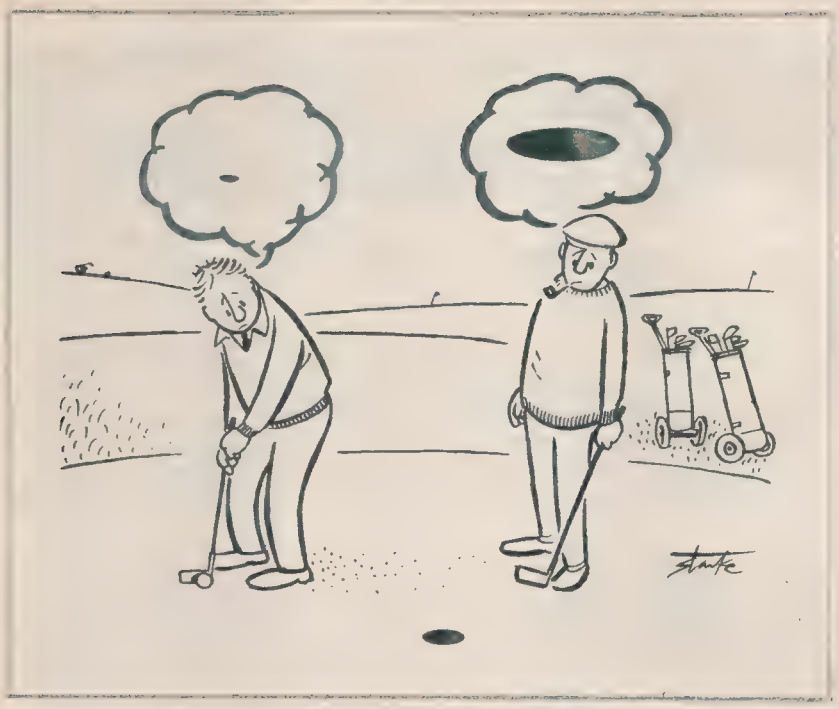
Yes, that tingle is the proof. For it comes from the Sodium Ricinoleate in SR — the substance used by many dentists for treating common gum disorders. And that same Sodium Ricinoleate is there in every tube of SR caring for your gums . . . making them tingle with health. That's why SR is the complete toothpaste — teeth white, breath sweet, and gums firm and healthy too!

So brush night and morning with Gibbs SR — the tingling-fresh toothpaste for both teeth *and* gums. 1/9 and 2/7.

Ice-fresh, tingling-fresh!

S.R. is good for teeth and gums



he'd just come out of a bath. . . . Slick hair, Savile Row, breezy laugh. . . ."

"*When* was this?"

"Oh, it would be early last month. Let's see: the Monday I saw her last was the Monday when you had that flap about the condenser and worked on till midnight."

"That was the thirteenth of July."

"Could be. Well, it would be the Friday before that."

"The tenth. Two days after my visit to Glyndebourne."

"What?"

"Did they seem—all right together, Lynn and this man?"

He stood with a finger inside his collar, moving it round as if it was too tight. "I told you. I only watched them for a minute or two. Come to think of it, she seemed to be making the running. On the Monday following, as I say, I met her for a drink and though I didn't say it out she must have guessed I'd rumbled something, and in the end because I wouldn't play ball she accused me of being disloyal to her. It's lovely the way women use the word loyalty, isn't it?"

"Have you been seeing Lynn more than you told me?"

"We've met ever since the factory moved—once or twice a month, I suppose. I—she started complaining almost at once."

Some seagulls were wheeling and crying in the early sunshine outside. Frank said: "Do you know who the man is?"

"I have an idea. You haven't seen her at all since then?"

"No. I rang her a couple of times, because we didn't part too rosily and I didn't want to break with her altogether. The first time she seemed friendly again; but the second time she appeared to be having a row with someone and cut me off pretty short."

"A row? What day was that?"

He shrugged. "It isn't that important, is it?"

"Try to remember."

He stared at me curiously.

"It would be the Wednesday or the Thursday. . . . The Thursday, because it was the first day that man came from R.R.E. to doctor the navigational computor. I rang her while you were with him—about three thirty."

"What did she say?"

"Not much. I phoned her and she answered and was talking to someone else while she picked up the phone, and then snapped at me, and after a minute we hung up."

I ran my tongue over my lips to make them less dry. "Do you know if it was a man or a woman she was talking to?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell. But usually Lynn gets angry with men, doesn't she?"

"Walk with me to the car," I said. We went out.

I said: "Can you remember exactly what she said, whether she made any excuse for cutting you off sharply, how she sounded angry? This may be absolutely vital to me, Frank."

"I don't see what's vital about it."

"I want to know who she quarrelled with that day."

We got to the car. "Actually she did say something before she answered me on the phone, like finishing the tail-end of what she'd been saying, d'you see. Flowers or Towers. Could that be his name?"

"No."

"She sounded pretty mad. D'you remember when her cat was run over in London? A bit like that."

"Did she just say the word 'Flowers'?"

"No. I think she said, 'What are you going to do, live with Flowers?' Or it could have been 'live at the Towers.' And then angrily into the phone, 'Hullo!' She sounded to me near hysterics, so after a word or two I shut off."

I didn't get into the car. I stood staring at the old hangars. "Frank, is there a London telephone directory in this place, do you know?"

"I haven't seen one. Why?"

"Let's go and look."

We went and looked. We searched round in all the old cupboards and drawers.

"What d'you want it for?" Dawson said.

"Just a hunch. I'll try again when I get nearer home."

We walked back to the car. I said: "Frank, I've got to tell you. Something's cropped up that I can't explain. It may be days—perhaps much longer—before I get in to the works again."

"Something I've told you?"

"No. But it's tied up with Lynn. You'll have to manage as best you can."

He stared at me. I put out my hand and after a second he took it. "Okay, Mike, if it comes to that I'll do my best."

As I left the aerodrome a car passed me turning in. . . .

I was in Brecon just before half-past eight and in Gloucester as the cathedral bells were ringing for ten o'clock. I stopped there for petrol and bought a paper and walked along to one of the hotels to see if they had a directory. They produced one of the old two-volume jobs, and I began to turn the pages of the Cs. Nothing under the Cs. I tried the Ds. De, Do, Dr, Du . . . Du Caine.

There were six Du Canes but only one spelling the name with an i, The Hon. Mrs. Charles du Caine. She had two numbers. One was for a Knightsbridge flat, the other was for the Towers, Epsom.

I put the phone books back and thanked the girl at the reception desk and walked slowly down the empty gusty street to my car. The bells had stopped. Those who were not in church were worshipping at their Sunday newspapers. I sat in the car and reached for a cigarette but I was out of them, so I just sat. *Was that what Lynn had said?*

I SAT for about ten minutes chewing at the end of my thumb. Then I got out again and went back to the hotel. I rang Letherton 409. Stella answered, and I said: "Darling. This is Mike."

There was silence for a few seconds. "Hullo." She sounded queer.

"Is John back?"

"Yes . . . last night."

"Is it possible to speak to him?"

". . . No. I'm afraid not. Oh, Mike, why didn't you tell me?"

"About . . .?"

"Yes, about her."

"I was scared."

"What of?"

"Of seeing disbelief in your eyes."

"Oh, you fool! As if there could ever be that—about such a thing. Whatever else——"

"Thank you."

"Where are you phoning from?—No, don't tell me."

"Why? I'm on my way home——"

"No, don't say anything. It may be that. . . ." She didn't finish.

"What got into John last night? Why on earth did he go to London?"

"He gave me the slip, came back by taxi about midnight."

"Is he all right?"

"Not too good."

"Stella, what is it?"

"He collapsed about five this morning. They've given him a blood transfusion."

"I'll come at once."

"No, Mike! No. Hullo?"

"Hullo."

"Don't ring off for a moment. And don't come here. John gave me a message for you. He woke me about half-past four. He said: 'If Mike phones, tell him the wedding has to be stopped.'"

"The . . . wedding?"

"Yes. Does it make sense?"

I stared at the phone. "It's coming to make sense. But I don't know how John knows."

"He said, 'Tell Mike it's up to him.'"

"Why shouldn't I come to see you?"

"I must go. There's someone at the door. Have you—read your Sunday papers?"

"No."

Words came suddenly, hurriedly. "I must go, Mike. Good luck, my darling. Take care."

I said: "Stella, what about John? What does—? Hullo! Hullo!" But she had rung off.

Once again I walked back to the car. *Stop the wedding,* John said. Ray French was marrying Margot du Caine at three this afternoon. I had the invitation in my pocket. *What are you going to do, live at The Towers?* What were the legal consequences of marriage? That a wife or a husband couldn't be called in evidence against the other?

I looked at my watch. A little over four hours yet. But there was no true or legal way to stop a perfectly legal wedding.

And what had Stella meant by all her hints and guarded allusions, as if she thought someone might be listening on the phone?

I got back to the car and opened the Sunday paper. At first there didn't seem anything of importance to me. And then I saw it at the bottom of the front page. It was quite a short paragraph but was headed in strong black type: "Girl's Body Found In Cellar."

To be concluded next week

JEALOUSY—5

The woman's natural jealousy is not at a man's loving another, but at his forsaking her.

James Hinton

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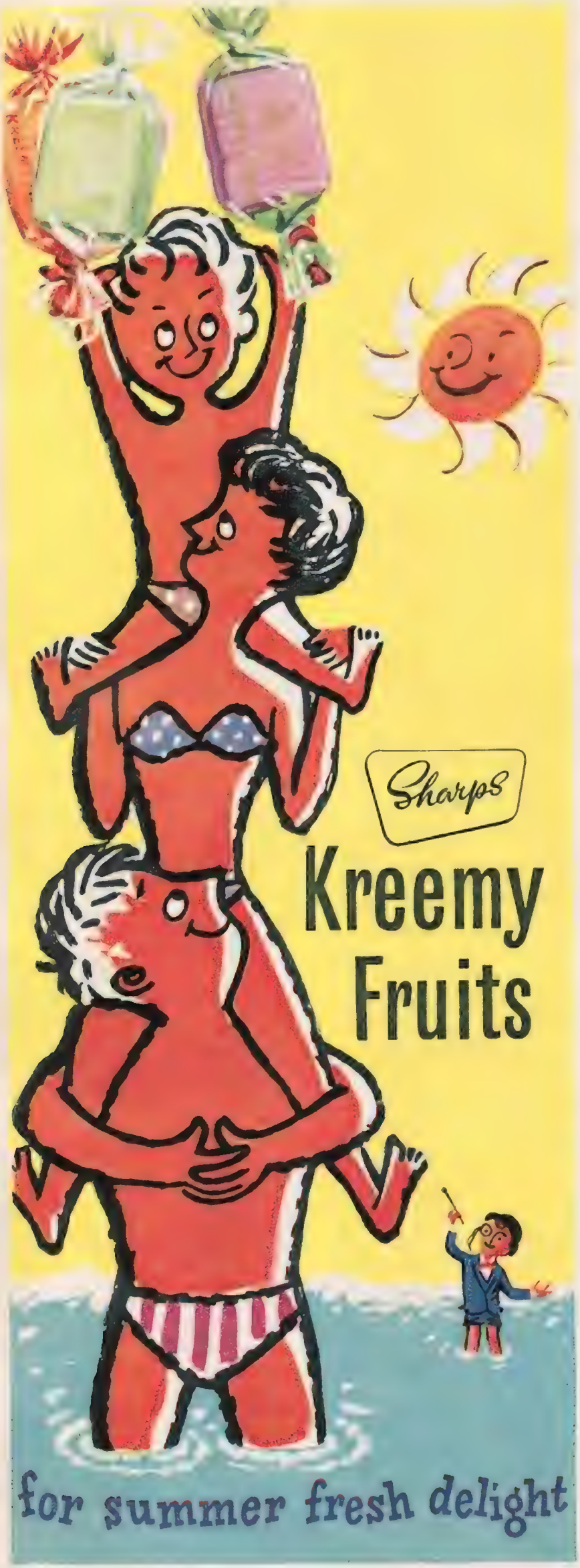

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"Mark my words, that lad will go far . . ."

Crossroads of the world

Continued from page 17

who for years have had nothing to do but eke out their lives on meagre United Nations rations, hug their wrongs to themselves, and dream of retribution. Unless a strong constructive plan for easing the tension can be devised and put into urgent effect, the situation must go on building up towards the final, fatal explosion.

The working out of such a plan—a task entrusted to Dag Hammarskjold, the U.N. Secretary-General—calls for superhuman ingenuity, patience and diplomatic skill. Putting it into effect may well prove the United Nations' supreme test. It will also be a test of Russian intentions: since it is now obvious that any lasting plan must have Russian participation.

But even if the situation can be brought under international control, even if the Arab states should at last recognize Israel and lift their boycott, the Middle East's own cold war is likely to prove as long-drawn as that of the larger world outside.

Confidence can be built only slowly. In an area where xenophobic hysteria is never very far below the surface, the West's every word and action will be scrutinized to determine its ulterior motives. Therefore, the manner of approach is all-important. It should be practical, unpatronizing and firmly non-political.

Perhaps the irrigation engineers have the right idea. For water—the vital raw material of the area—seeking its own level, is no respecter of persons or frontiers. The Euphrates rises in north-eastern Turkey, not so far from the Russian frontier, flows through Syria and Iraq to empty into the Persian Gulf. Egypt's plans for making vast additions to her irrigated land—on which her whole future now hangs—depend on the co-operation of the Sudanese, who control the Upper Nile. In its most efficient form, the Jordan Valley Project, canvassed for many months by President Eisenhower's representative, Eric Johnston, demands the co-operation of Israel, Lebanon, Syria and Jordan—for the benefit of all.

If by some miraculous change of heart, politicians and nations involved in the area could sink their sectional and largely futile ambitions in such great and necessary regional schemes, with the resources available today this whole great key area of the globe might move forward confidently into the modern world.

The tragedy is that, superficially at least, it often seems that the opposite is happening. Instead of moving towards that unification of which the Arabs have long dreamed, the web of rivalries grows ever more tangled and embittered.

The Saudis, rolling in American oil dollars, intrigue against the British-financed Hashemite dynasties of Iraq and Jordan. Egypt, the rising aspirant for Arab leadership, jealously opposes the thrusting diplomatic offensives of Turkey, her former overlord, and seeks to build her own "front" through military alliance with Syria, Saudi Arabia and Yemen who place their forces under Egypt's commander-in-chief.

Colonel Nasser now seems to align under his banner the sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf, the last remaining British preserve in the Middle East. And in order to maintain this position of leadership, Egypt, through her powerful radio, shouts more loudly and colourfully than anybody else against the classic villains, "British imperialism" and "colonial servitude."

Syria, an oil have-not still oscillating rather guiltily between military *coups* and parliamentarianism, envies and fears the growing power of oil-rich Iraq. Lebanon's rulers, with just a touch of panic at times, pay lip-service to the cause of Arab unity, but fight to maintain their unique little nation's independence.

Jordan remains a wholly artificial state, with no historic tradition, no natural boundaries, no national consciousness and no *raison d'être* other than to be a base for Britain who created it, and for years propped it up with the British-generalled Arab Legion and subsidies. Now, with the sacking of General Glubb, one prop has gone. King Hussein, who sacked him, and who himself owes his position to Britain, is very young, inexperienced and headstrong. It is doubtful whether, on his own now, he will be clever enough to maintain his position in the turbulent seas of Arab politics. Torn between pro-Egyptian and pro-Iraqi factions, Jordan is thus one more area of chronic instability in the ever-shifting sands of the Middle East.

It is, it will be seen, a fine devil's brew, and, so far, the Western powers have merely helped to stir it. The French, whose language and culture are still strong in Lebanon, Syria and among the older generation in Egypt, cannot forgive the British who in 1946 eased them out of Damascus. The British, whose parish this long was, cannot help feeling a certain jealousy of the Americans, who, coming so late to the Middle East scene, outbid them with their dollars. However diplomatically immaculate the phraseology, these resentments come through for all to see. Each power sets up—and praises up—its own apparatus. Each gets on with the job in its own characteristic style. Co-operation has been sketchy.

Britain's latest instrument, the Baghdad Pact, initiated by an alliance between Turkey and Iraq and later joined by Pakistan, Persia and Britain, has deepened rather than helped to bridge these dangerous fissures, frustrated rather than helped forward the long-cherished aspirations towards Arab unity. For it is a frontal challenge to Egypt's Nehru-style neutralism which indeed is today the natural and inevitable attitude of mind of the whole Arab world. It seeks to row against the broad and powerful stream of history. It sets up Iraq, the "good child" against Egypt, the "bad child," and invites the rest to choose.

This is playing with fire indeed.

FOR by virtue of her geographical position and development, Egypt must inevitably be a key nation in the Arab world. Young, dashing yet austere, champion of the humble and excellent *fellaheen* from whom they themselves are not so very far removed, Colonel Nasser and his young officers inevitably capture the attention of the awakening people of the Middle East as none of the familiar—often all-too-familiar—politicians of the old school could. The social revolution for which they have been working is the social revolution the Middle East needs.

By contrast, Iraq, though making enormous social and economic progress by the wise use of her vast oil revenues, maintains the old forms, monarchy, pashas and so on, which the up-and-coming young generation in the Arab world identify with the "bad old feudal East." If we back Iraq against Egypt, we may well find that we have backed the wrong horse.

In fact, it is unwise and an out-of-date approach to back any horse. The Middle East can only be helped to work out its own destiny; obviously self-interested great power interference in its tangled politics can have no other effect than to raise the already dangerously high temperature farther towards flash-point.

It is in this field of constructive assistance, rather than in the field of armaments and alliances, that the ideological contest between "East" and "West" in the Middle East may well be decided. In preparation, we need to get back with all speed to the basic concept proclaimed by the late Ernest Bevin who, as one of his first acts at the Foreign Office, circulated a memorandum on the theme, "Peasants, not Pashas," and followed it up by speaking of the great possibilities of the Middle East and of the urgent need to raise the standard of living of the people as a whole by support of great social experiments and schemes of irrigation.

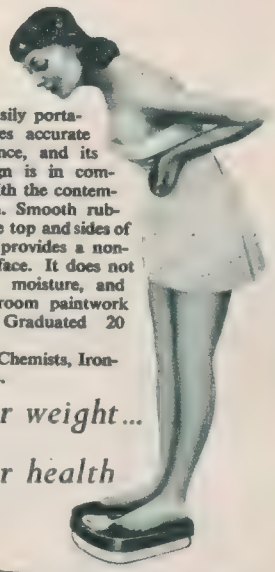
With half the world's oil reserves in the area, certainly the West has a vital interest there. But if the West needs to buy oil, equally the Arab

JEALOUSY—6

Doubts and jealousies often beget the facts they fear.

Thomas Jefferson

Slim successfully



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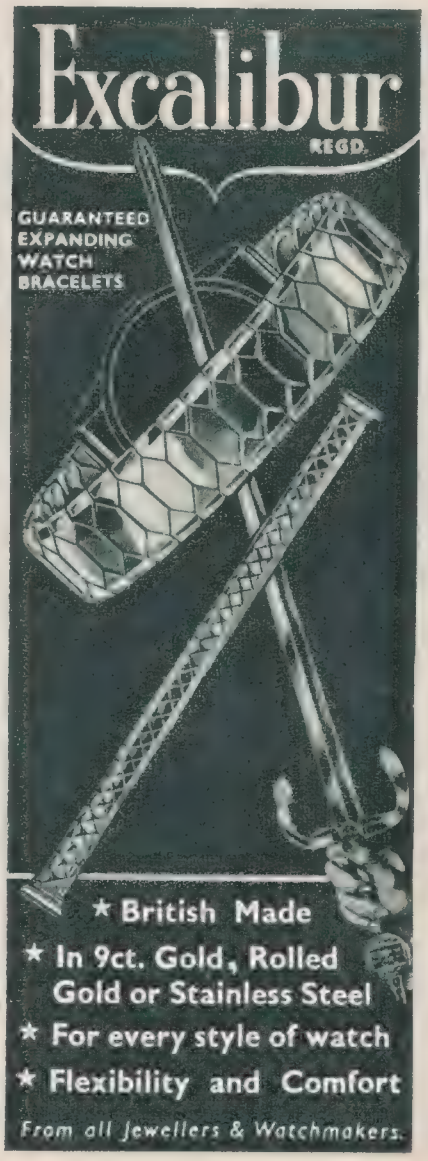

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nations need to sell it—and Iran has already given them a striking object lesson of the disastrous results of failing to take that into account. Oil, indeed, is the key to the situation in more ways than one. Its tremendous revenues have brought to the Middle East an economic revolution which, as I saw on many occasions, is breaking through the hard crust of feudalism and tribalism, bringing a new social mobility and receptiveness to change. The new resources of medicine and technology have made possible a wide-fronted attack on poverty, ignorance and disease. Ten years ago it seemed to many observers that only bloody revolution could break through the gilded façade of pashadom and sham, corrupt parliamentarianism. Now at least it is possible to hope that evolution will prevail.

As the Arab nations thus plunge rather erratically and alarmingly along the rocky road towards development and stability, chasms yawn on either side: Communism and Moslem reaction.

But if at this stage nationalist anti-Westernism degenerates into either of these disastrous forms, it will probably be the fault of the West which will have failed to read the writing now clearly on the wall: that what is wanted now is not more political pressurizing, further confusing a confused situation, but a clear, dynamic, practical effort, wholly without strings, to sustain the Arab nations in their progress.

Such aid must clearly be on a wide regional basis unattached to any military pact, a sort of Colombo Plan for the Middle East, preferably under United Nations auspices, in which all the interested advanced powers and all the Middle Eastern nations—including some day, one would hope, Israel—would join. Such a plan would form a powerful solvent working on the bitter sectional rivalries that have so long frustrated the progress of the Middle East.

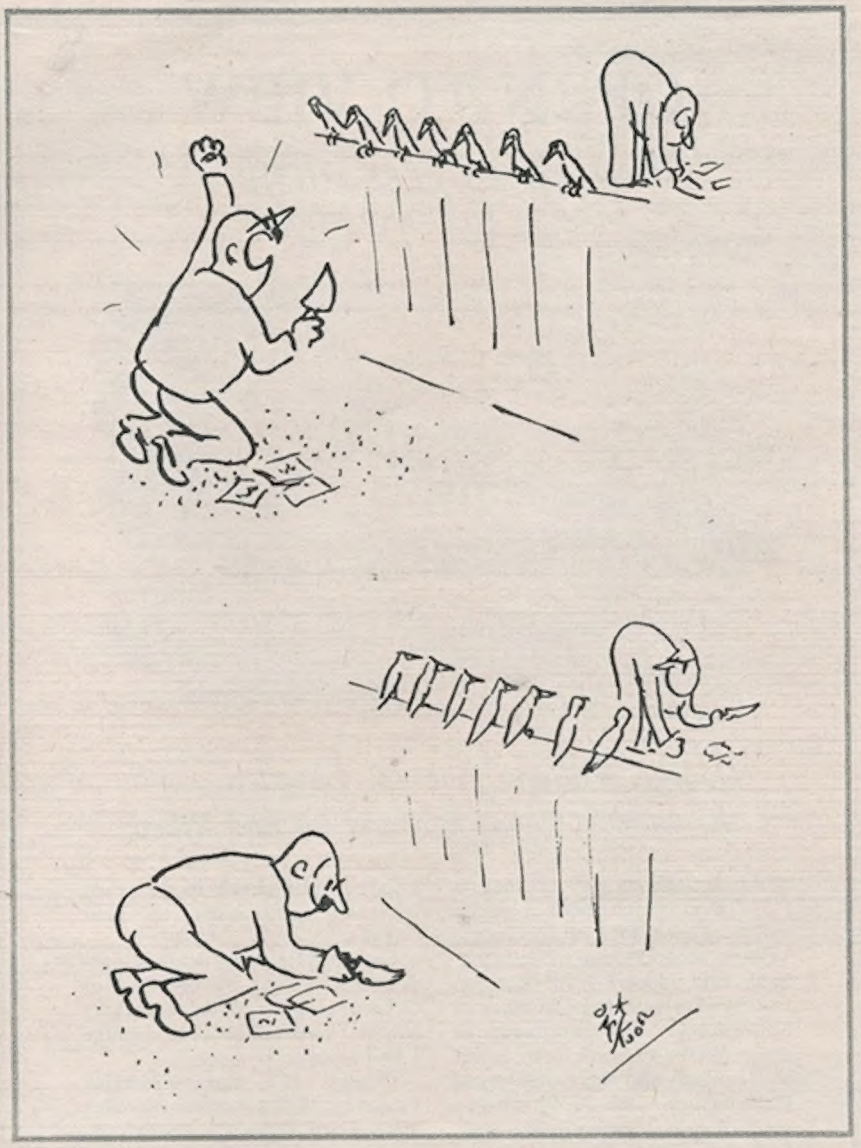
Economically, too, only a regional approach makes sense. At present the fortunes, status and politics of individual Arab nations are very largely determined by their success or lack of it in the great Oil Lottery. The *reductio ad absurdum* of the situation occurs in Kuwait, where at present considerably more than £1 million a week pour out from the sands of this small British-protected sheikdom with its 200,000 people.

A regional administration by which the area's oil money can be put to work where it will yield the best results is little more than common sense.

In the same way, population—and labour—is arbitrarily and often unfortunately distributed about the region, giving rise to chronic and at present possibly insoluble problems. In Egypt, for instance, it is "standing room only"; yet northwards, up the Nile, the Sudan still possesses great empty lands, wealth untapped. In Jordan, the refugees crowd in their tens of thousands in their desert camps; in Iraq and Syria there is fertile land still awaiting the pioneer's plough.

THIS, it may seem, is a Utopian approach; yet if the worn-out political shibboleths of the area could be put aside for just a moment, it would be seen to be merely practical and human. In the newest of the Arab states, Libya, this postwar international scientific approach is already working smoothly. Will Libya—in this atomic age—escape the troublesome fever of nationalism? Or will it, at least, like one inoculated, merely suffer it in the briefest, mildest form? What sort of a fellow will this United Nations' Libyan turn out to be when he emerges finally in full independence?

It is an interesting, and perhaps a profitable, speculation. For if in this critical area of the globe one thing is certain it is that the power vacuum caused by the passing of imperialism can be safely filled only by building the stability, prosperity and independence of the Middle Eastern nations. Thus, and only thus, can the crossroads of the world be kept clear and well-maintained. THE END



Zanzabuku

Continued from page 27

lowered, eyes blazing—and he was coming fast.

We turned and raced for the truck, and the driver saw our predicament at once. He shoved it into gear and angled swiftly towards us so that we could leap on the moving vehicle just a few yards ahead of the angry hippo. Luckily, the cameraman had recorded the entire scene, which gave us more action than we had bargained for. . . .

On my third African trip I kept searching for a truly primitive region with an abundance of wild animals. The heart of the Ituri Forest, where I had met the pygmies, was still part of the Stone Age, but poor light made photography difficult; Turkanaland was certainly isolated and primitive, but so arid and barren that most animals were too smart to live there; the great parks and restricted areas in the Congo, Uganda, Kenya and Tanganyika offered plenty of animals of great variety, but they were not exactly right for my purposes.

Finally, I found the Mara Valley, almost by accident. I knew about the Mara River, but from its Kenya side where it started not far from Narok. I had not realized that it cut down into northern Tanganyika to travel through some really wild country before emptying into Lake Victoria.

When I first went there, in 1954, I did not go because of the river or the country, but because of a nearby tribe I had heard about, the Kuria, who live on the Utimbaro Escarpment.

It was an American missionary, F. G. Reid, who told me about the Kuria. He said that few travellers had visited them and that the tribe would make an excellent subject for a film.

He wrote a letter to the Reverend J. A. Schoeman, head of the Seventh Day Adventist Mission at Tarime, in the heart of the Kuria tribal territory. And he advised me that I could get there quickly by hiring a small plane to fly me to a tiny airstrip at the foot of the escarpment.

While some of my cameramen were busy on other routine matters, I took another with me on my flight to see the Kuria. We were met by a truck, warmly welcomed at the mission, and hospitably housed.

There are about a hundred and fifty thousand of the Kuria living in the area, and I got an excellent dance sequence on film.

My best shot, however, was of the medicine man, named Noziburo. His most interesting features were his ears. The Kuria, like the Masai and many other tribes, pierce their ears and gradually enlarge the opening by inserting larger and larger wooden blocks.

I had seen Masai earlobes hanging to the shoulders, but never anything like those of Noziburo. His came almost to his waist. All the Kuria had long, loopy earlobes, but none compared with the medicine man's; his most potent assets were those lobes.

We filmed a woman passing her newborn baby through Noziburo's earlobes, in order to bring the child good luck and good health for the rest of its life. It was, I suppose, the equivalent of a christening ceremony, the most unusual I have ever seen.

I learned many other interesting customs of the Kuria, but nothing that we could film, so we moved on for a brief visit to the Luo tribe who lived nearby. They were colourful people, and we managed to get an excellent film of their dances. Their brightly-painted shields and fancy head-dresses gave an exciting effect to the scene. . . .

WHEN we returned from visiting these two interesting tribes we renewed our quest for swift action shots of Africa's big game.

My mind flashed back to those thrilling sequences we had taken of Ace DuPreez among the hippos, and I recalled his warning about the perils of tackling that perpetually disgruntled fellow, the rhinoceros.

While hippos were often interesting and sometimes dangerous, they could not hold a candle to the rhinoceros in either department. A rhino will eagerly attack a two-ton truck—and sometimes win. The rhino seems to go around permanently angry.

Why is the rhino so belligerent? The most likely theory is that he is not very intelligent and that his eyesight is poor. He cannot see anything clearly until it is about ten yards in front of him. But he makes up in courage what he lacks in brains, and a keen sense of smell compensates for his poor eyesight.

The thickest brush is no barrier to him, as he can crash right through it, he can wheel and turn in his own length no matter how fast he is going, and for this would put to shame a polo pony.

All other animals, even the elephant, make way for a rhino, and all natives fear him. The Masai, bravest of the brave who will kill charging lions with their thin spears, fear only one animal—the rhino.

We filmed one very touching sequence on a rhino hunt with Pellegrini, the assistant of August Kuenzler, the famous Swiss animal collector. Pellegrini had roped a big cow rhino, which struggled frantically to break free. But just as he roped the animal, one wheel of our truck slipped into a deep hole.

Pellegrini and his men started to extricate the truck when they were rudely interrupted by a huge and very angry bull rhino, the mate of the cow they had captured.

The cow rhino, fastened to the truck with a stout rope, tried desperately to get away. The bull stood watching her struggles about ten yards away, then prepared to charge. The men clambered into the doubtful safety of the truck as the rhino lowered his head and quickly picked up speed until he was thundering down like an express train.

If he had struck the side of the truck he might well have tipped it over, but fortunately he aimed for the front and smacked the heavy grillwork with such force that the vehicle was almost shaken out of its pothole. Bewildered and perhaps a little dazed, the rhino backed off and surveyed the situation again, nervously eyeing his mate and the truck which seemed impervious to his blows. Then he decided to try again, and on he raced once more, crashing against the front of the truck with a savage blow.

When he backed away this time he looked genuinely bewildered as well as frustrated and angry. He shifted uneasily on his stubby legs, looked about as if puzzled, plainly trying to solve this dreadful situation.

ALL he could conclude, of course, was the usual answer of a rhino to every problem—to charge. So for the third time he hurled himself against the front of the truck. If I had been in charge of the exploration, I would have been inclined to free the cow rhino. But we were guests of Pellegrini, and he was determined to keep his valuable captive.

He took a slender pole about fifteen feet long and, standing in the truck, waved it menacingly towards the rhino. I can't understand why a waving pole should intimidate a rhino, but it seemed to. The beast backed away a few yards, then held his ground. Courageously, Pellegrini descended from the truck and advanced towards the rhino on foot, all the time waving the pole at him.

The rhino backed away slowly, reluctantly, confused by the approaching man and the strange thing reaching out in the air towards him. Then he turned and disappeared into the thick brush, taking a last look at the mate he had tried so hard to rescue. . . .

An aroused buffalo is just as vindictive as a rhinoceros, but he is certainly more predictable. When you come upon a herd of buffalo they look from a distance not unlike a herd of domestic cows. You can often spot a herd from a distance, even in rather tall grass, from the white egrets flying overhead, then settling on the animals' backs to pick off the lice.

In East Africa you hear many tales about the buffalo, and each one demonstrates his extreme vindictiveness. The worst I have ever heard was told by a hunter who was surprised by

a charging buffalo. He and his companion ran for a tree, each dropping his gun in fear and for the sake of speed. One man just reached a tree in time, so the buffalo kept his charge going for the other hunter, who was pulling himself up to the lowest branch when the enraged beast caught him on his horns.

He tossed the hunter in the air repeatedly, then trampled him into the ground. The hunter in the tree could do nothing but sit and watch. The animal kicked some dirt over the spot in a brief and contemptuous burial, and departed.

Elephants give their victims a more thorough burial, perhaps because they are less vicious and leave something to bury. Unless he is wounded, attacked, or has young to protect, an elephant is not really belligerent. He is so big that he has few enemies to challenge him, and—most important—he is undoubtedly the most intelligent of all wild animals.

In the old days hunters used to capture elephants by shooting the mother and then taking a young one who stayed by her side. Now, many use the more humane method, copied from the cowboys, of first isolating an elephant and then lassoing it.

We filmed many such hunts with Pellegrini. They were back-breaking experiences, but they packed as much excitement as any of our special photographic missions.

When Pellegrini spotted a herd in the distance he examined it carefully. Sometimes he said: "No, we won't go after that one. I don't like it." We could never deduce how he reached his conclusions. Perhaps it was just a feeling he had.

Twice on these hunts someone was nearly killed. Once, after an elephant had been caught, the rope holding it was temporarily tied to the rear of the truck. There was a hatch in the top of this truck through which a cameraman could stick his head, arms and camera.

My cameraman, Dave Mason, was up there, very pleased with shots he had taken of the lassoing of the young elephant. Suddenly the captured animal darted for the front of the truck, scraping the rope across the top of the vehicle. With an elephant tugging on it, the rope might well have decapitated Mason if he had not moved like lightning.

Just as Dave was jerking his head down, the rope caught the back of it, smacking it hard against the hatch. He fell down into the bottom of the truck with blood streaming from his nose. But the first thing he looked for was the camera, which had not been damaged.

DURING another hunt our other cameraman, Freddie Ford, lashed himself to the struts at the back of the catching truck so that he could get some pictures with the truck in motion. With both hands on the camera he had to tie himself down, otherwise he might have been thrown out.

As a small elephant was being isolated from its herd, one of the big elephants started chasing the catching truck. The driver, intent on the prey ahead, was unaware of the pursuit. But Freddie, tied securely, saw the angry elephant bearing down on him, getting closer and closer. The elephant was finally so near that it started stretching out its trunk for Freddie, and the tip was only four feet away.

Pellegrini, in the cab of the catching truck, suddenly realized what was happening, and with a spurt the truck pulled away. But it was a near thing for Freddie.

Pellegrini was still determined to get another elephant. A fine herd was seen late one afternoon, so everyone camped out near the spot, sleeping in the trucks, with the hope that the elephants could not move away at dawn without being seen.

In the morning the herd began to move towards some fine open terrain, and the trucks followed it slowly. Then, for some unaccountable reason, the herd suddenly stopped. As if all the elephants in the herd—at least twenty—had thought of the same thing at once, they turned towards the trucks.

Why not go in that direction, they seemed to be thinking. *Only a few men and a couple of trucks are in the way.*

Pellegrini knows his elephants, and he obviously knew what they were contemplating. He ordered one of his men to start a bush fire at once, not far from the trucks. The man was afraid, and refused, but Pellegrini knew the seriousness of the situation.

"If we don't start a fire to turn them," he said, "they'll head this way in a few minutes. And don't think that you'll be safe in the truck. They'll turn it over in a flash."

By the time the dry brush was blazing, the elephants were moving slowly towards the trucks—eighty yards away . . . seventy yards . . . sixty. Someone snatched a piece of burning bush and tossed it into a thick patch of dry grass, which blazed up with a roaring *whoosh.* The elephants stopped, stared, and finally turned. At last they moved off towards the good ground.

The truck went in after the herd and, because the ground was smoother than before, we were able to get fairly steady shots of the entire action of cutting out and catching a young elephant.

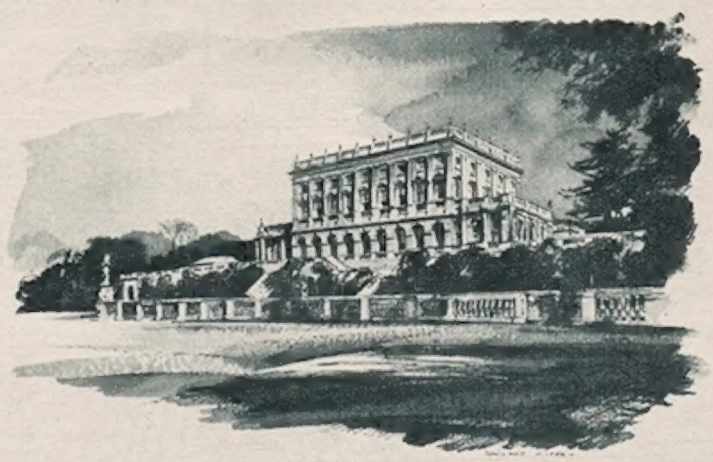
It had been a close call, but it provided some of the most exciting animal shots I have ever taken. And it gave us all a dramatic personal experience of the danger that accompanies every mission into the territory of Africa's big game.

NEXT WEEK: We brave the perils of crocodile river

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



George Villiers fled to Cliveden—with the woman whose husband he had killed

ONE January day in 1668, a duel, which shocked public opinion, took place. George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, had eloped from London to Cliveden with the Countess of Shrewsbury. Her husband, in great wrath, pursued them as far as Ranelagh and there challenged Buckingham. One of the Duke's seconds was killed on the spot, and the Duke ran his sword through Lord Shrewsbury, who died some time later. It is said that during the affray Lady Shrewsbury, dressed as a page, held her lover's horse.

The guilty pair then continued to Cliveden where they lived, according to a contemporary poet:

Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love.

Cliveden was then a vast house which Buckingham was raising on the left bank of the Thames above Maidenhead.

Buckingham's Duchess, a plain and God-fearing woman, was not at all pleased by her husband's misconduct. It was impossible, she said, for her "and that other" to live under the same roof.

"Why, Madam," came her husband's cynical reply, "I did think so, too, and therefore have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you back to your father's."

On Buckingham's death, Cliveden was bought by the Earl of Orkney, whose wife, Elizabeth Villiers, entertained both George I and George II there.

George II's son, Frederick Prince of Wales, rented Cliveden after Lord Orkney's death. He held concerts and operas in the open-air theatre which still survives in the grounds. It was at Cliveden that the Prince received a blow on the chest from a cricket or tennis ball which caused his premature death.

In the last century, Queen Victoria was a frequent guest at Cliveden—which was twice rebuilt after fire. Just before the last war, the place continued to make history through its association with the so-called "Cliveden set," a small but influential circle in both Houses of Parliament. For years it was the home of Lady Astor, the first woman M.P.

How to get there: Cliveden is four miles from Maidenhead (W.R.). *Open:* House and grounds; Thursdays from April to September (except June 21) and Sundays from August 12 to September 16, 2.30 till 5.30. Grounds only: Wednesdays, April to September, 11 till 6.30.

Square meals cooked up from forty below

Continued from page 32

return flights are sent to airports overseas in refrigerated ships. On Royal planes pre-cooked meals accompany the Queen whenever she travels by air. Quick-freeze has also been used with success in submarines, making mealtime below surface an event rather than a necessity.

Prejudice against frozen meals is still widespread in Britain despite the fact that more frozen meals are sold in this country per head than in the United States, where the frozen food "consciousness" of the average housewife is expressed only in her purchases of quick-frozen raw vegetables.

In 1954, British housewives spent a small fraction of what Americans paid for quick-frozen vegetables and fish. But in Britain four ready-cooked frozen meals were sold for every one in America, allowing for population differences.

Lowenthal admits that nobody can yet live entirely on a diet of frozen food. "It will take another ten years before everyone is eating frozen meals regularly," he says.

The quick-freezing principle, applied to both raw and pre-cooked food, was pioneered by an American scientist, Clarence Birdseye, who noticed on a hunting trip in 1924 that caribou meat and fish frozen rapidly at Arctic temperatures remained fresh and tender when thawed months afterwards. Slow freezing processes used until that time caused large crystals to form in the natural juices of food which broke down the walls of the cells.

When Birdseye froze food quickly, however, and at much lower temperatures, the small crystals had no time to expand, the freshness was sealed in, and the process of bacterial deterioration was halted. He then produced a low-temperature refrigerator which he sold to a large food corporation five years later for £5 million.

A NUMBER of British firms are now experimenting with complete frozen meals as opposed to the frozen raw ingredients, vegetables, fruits and fish that they now market. The bulk of the frozen vegetable trade goes to Birds Eye, a subsidiary of Unilever, and to Smedley's, the canning firm.

About sixty-five per cent of the frozen vegetable production is reserved for peas, by far the most popular frozen product in England and America. Most of this output is grown by contract to Birds Eye by farmers within twenty miles of the factories at Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft.

Lowenthal says that his firm has proved that there is almost no food, including biscuits and cake, that cannot be frozen. "We've proved it by freezing them. Only eggs, tomatoes, lettuce and cucumber, because of their high moisture content, resist freezing at the moment."

One of the items added to the deep-freeze lists, and one that came by accident, was the common variety of sandwich. This happened when a committee organizing an open-air sports event in the north of England turned over a big catering contract to the head of a small firm.

Without realizing the implications, the caterer started to fill an order for 25,000 sandwiches. By the time the ten thousandth sandwich was cut, the first batch began to grow stale. Ordinary refrigeration did not help. A hurried appeal was sent to Lowenthal, who responded with a mobile freezing unit.

In transferring the sandwiches from minus 40 deg. temperatures to a refrigerated truck, one of the packets was dropped. It shattered like glass on the ground.

Thirty minutes later, however, after they had been left in the sun, the sandwiches were restored to bakery freshness. Not one of the sports enthusiasts who ate the 25,000 snacks could tell that they had been in the deep freeze. THE END

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War On The Germs	Giles' Sweetheart
Deeds, Not Words	Took A Short Cut
Drifting And Dreaming	Deck-chair Critic
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Chief Winners No. 2,035

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Riviera Holiday for Two: A. W. Davis, 18 Everest Road, Christchurch, Hants:

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 100 Special Awards and 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated June 23), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 9, for early news of No. 2,040 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,040, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

MONSTER OFFER NEXT WEEK INCLUDING UNLIMITED GIFTS!

HERE she is—the lazy-bones housewife who has decorated two rooms by herself in a fortnight, and is starting a third.

Her name? They used to call her slow-coach. What's got into her? The answer is, believe it or not, Bile Beans. Yes, Bile Beans is now a double-purpose laxative with a real plus factor (don't try to say it) Tauroglycocholate.

Here's what happens. Bile Beans Laxative Plus works *overnight*—breaking up unwanted fats . . . clearing your system of toxic food wastes that cause indigestion, liverishness and other unsuspected ills.

Your whole system functions better. You look and feel as you *should*. Clear-eyed. Fresh-complexioned. *On top of the world!* (Ask for Bile Beans Laxative Plus from all chemists and stores—9½d., 1/9d., 4/- and Twists 3 for 3½d.)

She's a new woman since taking Bile Beans Laxative Plus

get sweet relief from INDIGESTION - *NOW!*

MOORLANDS ACT QUICKLY

If you suffer from those distressing bouts of indigestion here is something worth knowing. Moorland Antacid Tablets, sucked slowly, quickly relieve discomfort in a remarkable way.

REGULATE STOMACH ACIDITY

Pleasant to take, their effectiveness lies in carefully selected ingredients balanced to keep the acid flow just right for healthy digestion. Moorlands are the ideal remedy for combating pain and discomfort arising from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, and those stomach upsets that are common to most of us, at some time or other. So, at the first warning signs of stomach discomfort, take two Moorland Tablets.

ENJOY YOUR MEALS

Moorland Antacid Indigestion Tablets can be taken as often as required. There's no laxative action to worry about. Think of the joy of being able to eat what you like and enjoy it!

FOR RESTFUL NIGHTS

Indigestion is often the cause of restless nights. A couple of Moorland Tablets taken last thing at night will not only help you to sleep but you will wake in the morning with a fresher taste in the mouth.

ALWAYS AT HAND

At the first sign of stomach discomfort, take action—take Moorlands—for quick relief. Moorland Antacid Indigestion Tablets are sold in handy rolls, easy to carry in your pocket or handbag. You'll bless the day you discovered Moorlands.

40 tablets, four handy rolls in a 1/2½d. pkt. Double the quantity 2/3d.

MOORLAND

antacid INDIGESTION tablets

BRING *SWEET* RELIEF

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BANQUET FOR THREE . . . AS EASY AS PIE

It's the appetising taste of Guinness that brings out the best in simple food

THERE'S MORE to producing good food than just cooking it, important though that is. You need to know what goes with what; a good meal is simply the right things served together.

Salad, pie and Guinness are three things that get on famously together. In fact, the clean appetising taste of Guinness is exactly right with meat dishes — and, come to that, with fish and poultry too. Its invigorating goodness helps you to get so much more pleasure from all your food.

And think how easy it makes things. There's nothing complicated about this meal, but with Guinness it's a banquet. Do yourself well: have a Guinness with your very next meal.

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